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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 29, 1931
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVI. No. 1649 AUG. 29, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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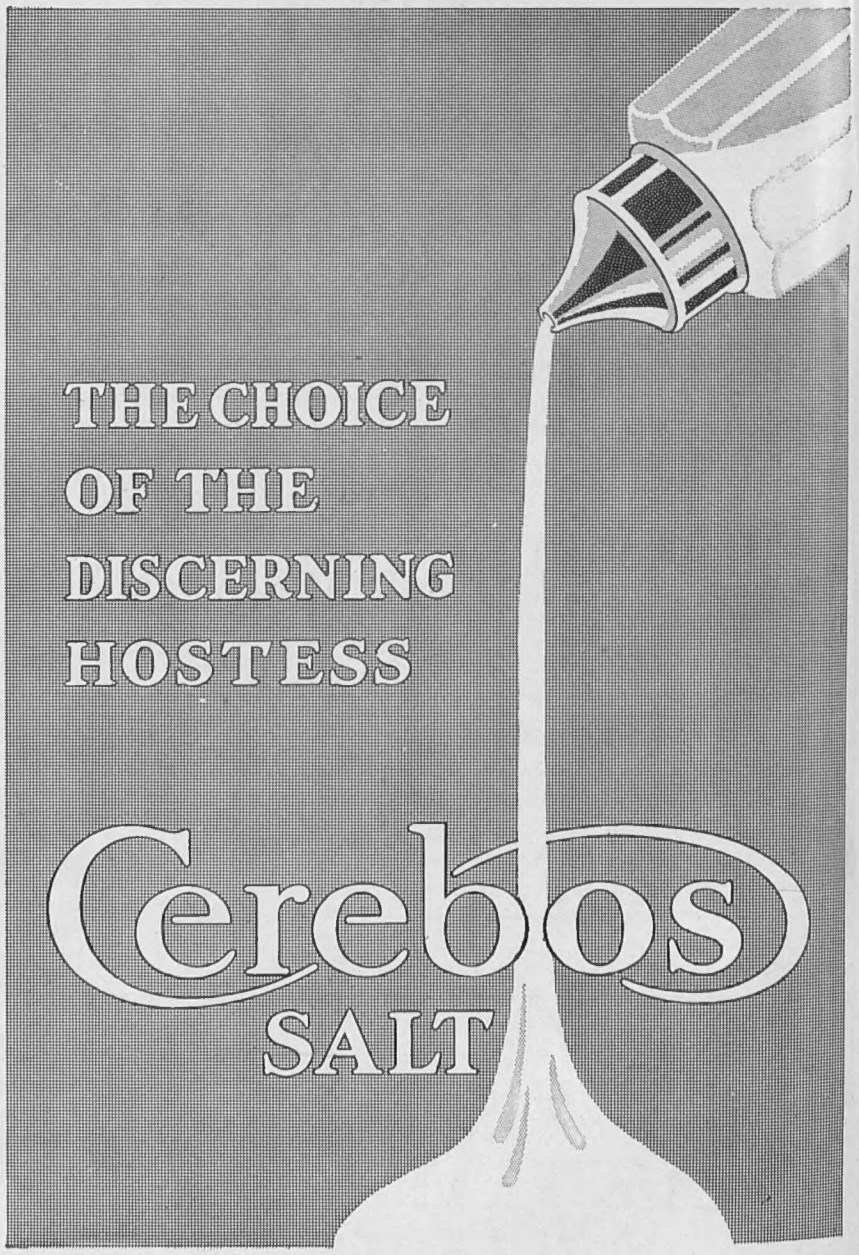

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXVI No. 1649 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d. } London, August 29, 1931

BACK to OFFICE

Mr. Stanley Baldwin again a Main Factor of the Government

The National Government is largely the work of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, whose supra-party patriotism has once more shown itself in glowing colours. Although in a position to dictate, he has accepted service under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the interests of his country

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

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346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, August 26, 1931

A London Newsletter

The Fall of the Labour Government and Other Matters of the Day

The Political Crisis.—The crisis which was boiling up all last week reached its climax at noon on Monday, when it was announced that ten members of the Cabinet had resigned rather than face the fury of the T.U.C., and that Mr. MacDonald would tender his resignation and proceed to reorganize a Cabinet on the national basis from the personnel of the Conservative and Liberal Parties and the survivors of his own. At leisure it will be interesting to put on record the stages and history of this crisis which may be said to have lasted from the 1st to the 24th August, and to have been intense between August 18th and 24th. At the moment, the fog of rumour and uncertainty still veils the footprints in the sand. It is fair to say that during the past week of anxiety the official efforts to conceal the truth have been more ridiculous and futile than the inspired and authoritative reports of secret meetings. Nothing was sillier than the official announcement that the King's return was due to no likelihood of his presence being necessary for a Cabinet change. Neither the King nor his medical advisers would have regarded a "flying visit" of twenty-four hours to Balmoral as good for health. The Cabinet crisis loomed just after the King had started on an assurance that his presence would not be required in the immediate future. That anxious week gave us one good laugh at the end of it—to see Conservative and Liberal "shadows" (grown to the consistency of excited schoolboys) hobnobbing amicably and animatedly in discreet corners.

First Impressions.—Rumour is still rife and fog still hangs in patches—and in holiday time it is not easy to come to press with red-hot news. But on the basis of facts set out above, it is possible to make a few comments. It may be assumed that Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden, and Thomas pre-eminently were converted to the idea that nothing short of a 2s. cut in unemployment benefit could achieve the necessary retrenchment figures and satisfy the Opposition. They knew that this meant uncompromising hostility by the T.U.C., the loss of nearly a dozen of their colleagues who adhere more nearly to the extremer views of Socialism, and the prospect of being hereafter suspect to a large part of the Labour Party. To recede from that standpoint meant defeat, to hold to it meant for Mr. MacDonald the break up of his authority over a responsible Socialist Party. It meant a temporary National Government faced with a task bristling with difficulties, a small Cabinet specially formed from the strongest available leaders of three parties. It meant when the new Government's work is done a party slate wiped clean or half obliterated. No doubt the Conservatives will ultimately get most of the stigma from the T.U.C. for the more unpalatable emergency reforms. The Liberals will have some of their bad marks rubbed out. The Socialist Party, hitherto split at the butt-end, will emerge split in the middle. A National Government *ad hoc* is the last thing Mr. Baldwin could desire if he thought only of his party. But there it is!

Six Wasted Months.—The main lines of Government policy towards economy and budget balancing are now more or less public property. The unanswerable question remains: In the name of sanity why were these deliberations not taken six months ago? It was in February that Mr. Snowden, finding the public aghast at evidence given before the Dole Commission by the Government Actuary and a high Treasury official, admitted the appalling gravity of our position and stressed the immediate necessity for root and branch retrenchment and common sacrifice. And then inexplicably, while the public screamed out for economy, the whole matter was deliberately shelved. Weeks of valuable Parliamentary time and energy were squandered while Mr. Snowden forced through an "ideal dear to his heart," the Land Valuation scheme, which admittedly could not produce effective returns for years; and weeks more passed in such frivolities as the question of candidates' motor-cars at elections. It is no answer to say that the logical steps were at once taken. The setting up of the Economy Committee was not the result of that bombshell evidence, and the Government made no effort at all to expedite the Economy Committee's findings before the House rose. Search where you will, you can find no answer to that riddle, no justification for the criminal negligence of Mr. MacDonald's Government in fooling away those vital months.

Who Said Tariff?—It was faintly amusing last week, while the cat of the Big Five showed parts of her anatomy through the bag, to observe the ingenuity of inspired journalists to see through the sacking and to note the effect on industry and the city of first one rumour and then another. Certain it was that the first rumour of a 10 per cent. tariff on manufactured goods had an electric effect on the prices of leading industrial counters, and instantly one saw the Government's temptation. If his colleagues could carry Mr. Snowden with them, here was a superb opportunity of spiking the guns of the Conservatives, placating industrialists, and securing the goodwill of the trades unions—a vital necessity only to be achieved by some alternative to the sane and courageous policy of definitely tackling the dole scandal.

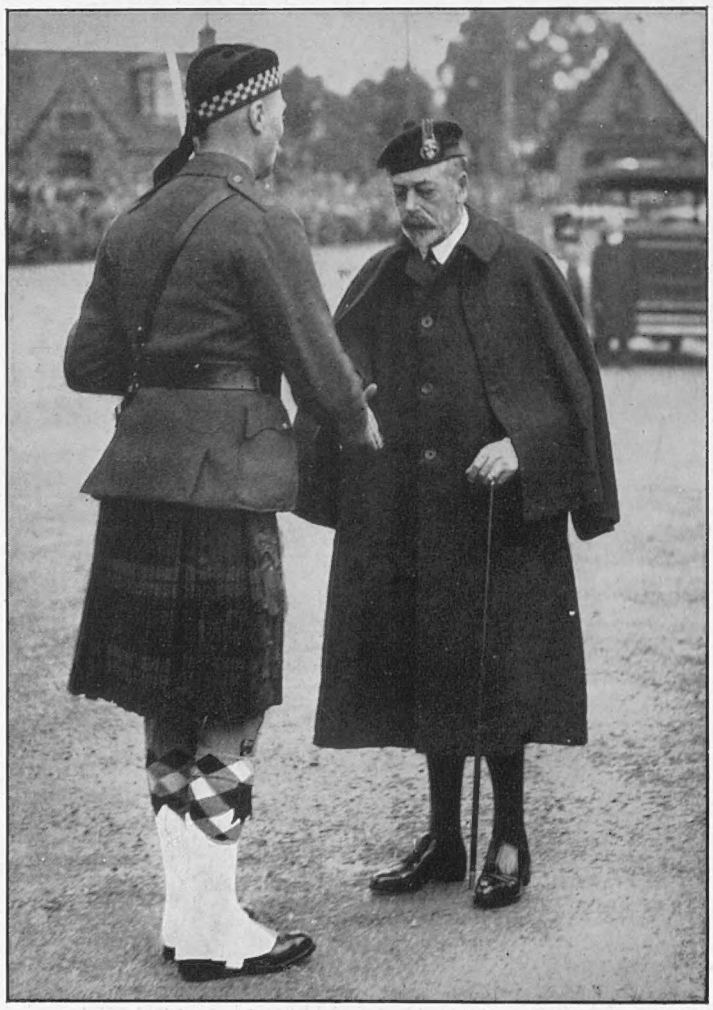
If only Mr. Snowden, that iron man, and Mr. Graham would put their blind eyes to the telescope, what a party scoop could be snatched after all from the country's black crisis. . . .

In a moment, the wind taken from the Opposition's sails, the unions placated, industry enchanted and wild with hope, and the unemployed vote no longer inimical.

But Mr. Snowden and his little band of followers stuck their toes in and saved the Government from an ignoble exploitation of the crisis in party interests.

Government by T.U.C.—One day I suppose the historian of our age will examine the question as to whether the T.U.C. was fit to govern England during the first two Labour Governments. The General Strike of 1926 certainly damaged its reputation for sane and wise and impartial statesmanship. Its attitude over the present crisis gives further proof that it is still lacking in the qualities required of those who seek to guide the destinies of a proud, a decent, and a fair-minded nation. Its authority has at last received a check, but not before it grievously damaged the dignity of the British Parliament.

Gestures all Round.—The awakening of Ministers and the nation to the gravity of our plight is evidenced in magnificent gestures (or rumours of gestures) all round. The latest forecast of Government economies includes (at long last) that essential gesture of a 20 per cent. cut in Ministers' salaries, to sweeten the sacrifices to be imposed on teachers, police, and £2,000 a year civil servants. Even the army promises one more slice. Fired by this official enthusiasm, the Stock Exchange strikes a long awaited gesture, and promises after the holiday season to open for business on Saturdays as it did in the good old days. No doubt the banks will follow suit and lengthen their public opening. At first sight, it is an odd moment for lengthening the hours of work on 'Change. For months five days have been four days too many for business done. Brokers in idle groups have been content to watch "professionals" catching feathered pigeons in Threadneedle Street, and have come to despair of the human variety offering a chance of sport. But seriously, the gesture is not to be scorned. The nation, and more wonderful still, the politicians are at last alive to the truth that nothing now can save us but economy, sacrifice, and attention to business. There is always a chance of business for those who are on the spot. Ask any successful barrister and he will tell you that his chance came in vacation time, when his rivals were idling on moors and seashores. Carnival time is over for England. It has lasted twelve years, and that is ten years too long. When this sad and dripping holiday season is over, the nation will return to sacrifices, to economies, to realities, and to hard work.



THE HEAD OF A UNITED NATION: The King, who left Scotland within twenty-four hours of his arrival, to return to the helm of affairs in London owing to the great crisis and the formation of a National Government. His Majesty is seen above in Scottish dress worn with an Inverness cape at Ballater, where a guard of honour of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders under the command of Major Connal Rowan (seen above with the King) was drawn up. Special secrecy was observed on the King's return journey, Ballater and Aberdeen Stations being closed to the public

Quite Like Old Times.—As if our domestic economy were not a problem of sufficient gravity to demand all our concentrated energy, there are not wanting signs that the miserable business of intrigue, feud, disloyalty, and disobedience will be shortly resumed in Ireland and India. There is a strong psychological similarity between the hotheads of Congress and those of the I.R.A. and the Republicans. Leaders of revolt alike in India and Ireland feed on intrigue and sedition, and bolster up their precarious reputations and authority by constant incitement to revolt. In each case their success is due to the lamentable ignorance and lack of education among their followers. There is no shadow of justification to-day in Ireland for revolting against or embarrassing Mr. Cosgrave's wise and patient administration. There are a hundred unanswerable arguments for awaiting peacefully in India the results of the Round Table Conference. In Ireland national aspirations were finally achieved to an extent and with a rapidity which exceeded the wildest dreams of Irish patriots. There is nothing more to gain and much to lose by secret intrigue. And what is true of Ireland is ten times true of India to-day. A few years ago the most exuberant partisan of self-government for India never dreamed of such progress towards the goal as has already been attained. To-day in England a strong and almost unanimous goodwill is extended towards Indian aspirations. The dice are loaded in favour of that very party whose hotheads are seeking to upset the table on which their highest hopes are staked. They risk the patient centuries for the sake of trivial days. And why? Because they think not of country but of self. Their existence and authority depend on fanning the ashes into flame. Even Mr. Gandhi, to judge by his latest extravagances, appears to be concerned for his personal authority over his party.

Journalistic Amalgamations.—Amalgamations and absorptions in journalism have been talked and accomplished. With regard to the rumoured absorption of *The Saturday Review* by *The Spectator*, a fog of mystery hung over the negotiations which have now broken down. I confess that I had expected to hear that *The Saturday* would shortly come under joint proprietorship, and was accordingly much surprised by the rumour of absorption which would clearly knock on the head the other scheme. *The Saturday* has apparently fallen between these two stools, and is to carry on under the old regime with the introduction of some new blood. I have an affection for *The Saturday*, dating from my undergraduate days. In form it is the very moral of what a politico-literary weekly review should be. I do not think its lay-out and nicely chosen and varied menu could be bettered. It invites the half-hearted, the easily-satisfied, the semi-serious to rise for a moment to higher flights. It is reading, without tears, the pill in a silver spoonful of Tiptree jam. And, willy-nilly, it gave birth to a child who in outward form is its parent's living spit.

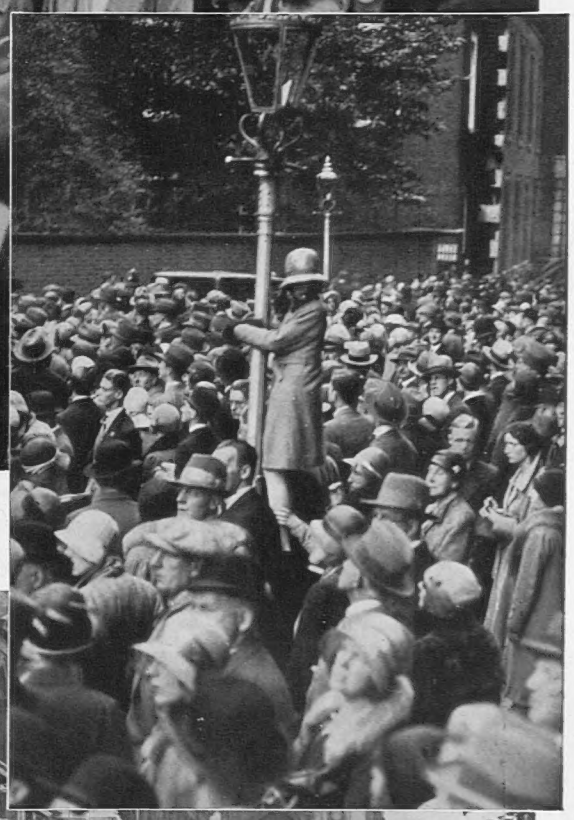
Pretty Polly.—The equine sweetheart of all the racing world died last week in Kildare at the ripe age of thirty, petted and admired to the last. How sweet she made life for Major Eustace Loder! She won him £40,000 in stakes alone and did the classic hat-trick in 1904. How much she won for her admirers and backers in bets I forbear to guess. Perhaps rather a small net figure. For in the latter part of her career she was usually an odds-on favourite, and with long odds laid on her she went down at last to Bachelor's Button in the Gold Cup at Ascot, taking my money and my deep sympathy with her. She went to the stud and produced winners right up to her twenty-third year, but her progeny numbered no *non-pareil* like herself. I think Pretty Polly and The White Knight were the two most popular turf favourites of our day. Pretty Polly was virtually unbeaten to her last race, for one other defeat in France can be justifiably excused. We mourn her loss as we mourn the death of a stage favourite of our impressionable youth.

Zepp Over!—The instinct which guides the live journalist suddenly induced me last week to pull out my car and go to Hindhead to look at the view and admire the purple heather and pink willow herb. I threaded my way through the charabancs and litter and, coming to a halt, was instantly arrested by the sight of Herr Eckener's cigar slowly nosing its way over Aldershot. Every road in the neighbourhood was black with troops, every open space was sprinkled with bivouacks and transport parks. Was there a panic? No, a stolid and truly British spirit prevailed. I saw no display of emotion. The cigar pursued its leisurely course along that vulnerable valley, dropping no ash on the green baize. How differently we should have regarded the sight fifteen years ago!

THE OLD STAGER.

CROWDS *Greet the* ECONOMY CRISIS

Scenes in Downing Street and Outside Buckingham Palace



AWAITING A GLIMPSE OF THE NATION'S LEADERS: The crowd thronging the exterior of Buckingham Palace on Monday when Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Sir Herbert Samuel were sent for by the King

ANXIOUSLY AWAITING NEWS: The crowds that swarmed in Whitehall and Downing Street during Monday and Tuesday while the series of Cabinet meetings, culminating in the resignation of the Labour Government, were held

RECORDING THE CRISIS: Crowds thronged Downing Street during the week-end of the great crisis, and the talkie cameras were busy recording the scenes of what has been described as the gravest hour Britain has known since the fatal August of 1914

THE CRISIS TOLD IN PLACARDS, AUGUST 24: F
been called to Buckingham Palace; then that the Lab
had been definitely determi

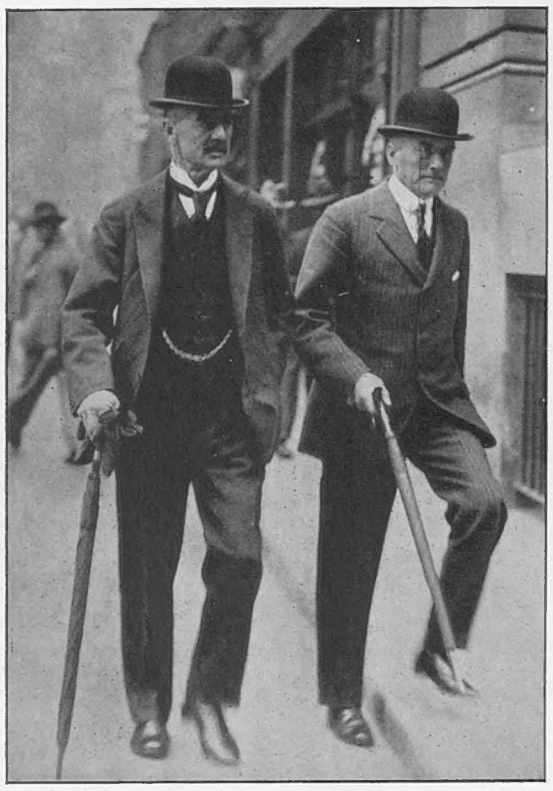
THE CULMINATION OF THE ECONOMY CRISIS

A Day-to-Day Diary

Friday, August 21 — The Economy Crisis, which had been brewing for some time past and which had brought back the Prime Minister and some of his colleagues to London during the holiday month of August, began to reach the boiling point on Friday of last week. The Prime Minister was making desperate attempts to induce the left wing of his Cabinet and Party and the outside Labour organizations to agree to the economy cuts necessary to meet a minimum deficit of £120,000,000. The Conservative leaders maintained that the cuts must be large enough to be effective — the whittled down scheme proposed would not satisfy the financial conditions necessary to restore confidence in sterling.

Saturday, August 22 — The Prime Minister had the previous evening sent out a desperate late call to his Cabinet only to find that half the Ministers had left town. Another Cabinet meeting took place at 9.30 a.m. on Saturday, and at 12.30 p.m. the Conservative and Liberal leaders again called at Downing Street. At 3.40 p.m. it was announced that the Cabinet had been putting the final touches to a scheme which they believed would meet the situation. At 6 p.m. the King left Scotland for London on his personal initiative in order to be in readiness for events. Mr. Baldwin arrived at 7.25 p.m. in London.

On left—THE KING'S SECRETARY: Sir Clive Wigram



THE BROTHERS CHAMBERLAIN: Sir Austen and Mr. Neville Chamberlain. The latter is to be Minister of Health; the former holds the First Lordship of the Admiralty

THE CONSERVATIVE LEADER: Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who responded immediately to the national emergency at the first call

"TAXI": Mr. Tom Shaw, Minister for War, leaves a meeting at No. 10, and calls a cab in a fashion displaying his tension

DYED-IN-THE-WOOL SOCIALISTS: Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. George Lansbury with some other retiring Socialist Ministers

THE MINISTER FOR *UN*EMPLOYMENT AND UNEMPLOYE
Miss Maggie Bondfield, who followed the main Socia
Party's lead of resignation

The Passing of the 1929-31 Socialist Government: Downing Street impressio

MY CRISIS

and the Rise of a National One

came the news that the leaders of the three parties had Government had resigned; then that a National Government on, and finally its formation

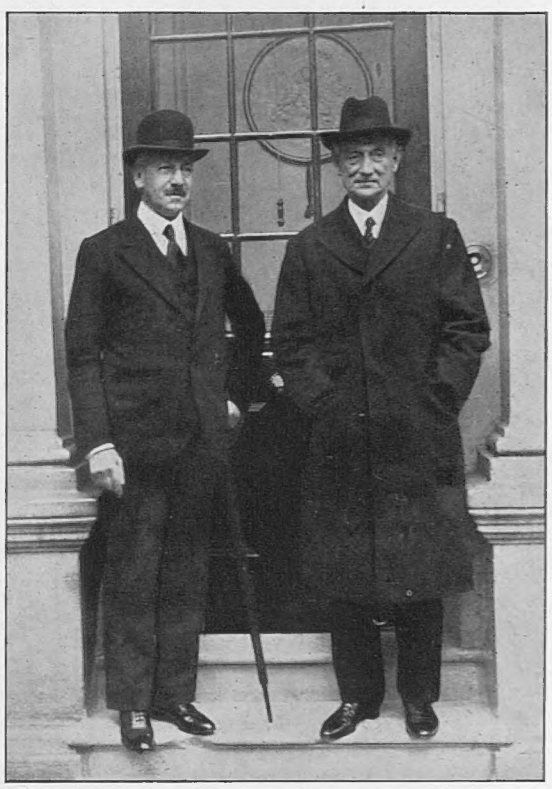
Sunday, August 23—The King arrived in London and drove to Buckingham Palace. About two hours later the Prime Minister went to see His Majesty and subsequently the leaders of the Opposition Party attended at the Palace as the King desired to hear directly from them the views of their respective Parties. At 10.47 p.m. the Cabinet rose. At 11.14 p.m. Mr. Neville Chamberlain entered No. 10 and a minute later Sir Josiah Stamp arrived by a side entrance.

Monday, August 24—The "Daily Herald" forecast the formation of a Tory Administration with guaranteed Liberal support. In the same journal Mr. Hannen Swaffer recorded the pathetic incident of how Miss Bondfield had failed to be recognized by the police guarding No. 10. With a cry, "But I'm a Cabinet Minister," she had to make a dash for the doorway of No. 10. By midday Mr. MacDonald had announced that his Government had resigned and the following announcement was made from Buckingham Palace — "His Majesty the King invited the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, and Sir Herbert Samuel to Buckingham Palace this morning, and the formation of a National Government is under consideration. A fuller announcement will be made later." This was, of course, stunning news for the Labour Party organizations, especially for the T.U.C., and official repudiations from Labour organizations were expected.

On right—THE HEAD OF THE TREASURY: Sir Warren Fisher

THE WOULD-BE DICTATORS: A group of the Consultative Committee of the Trades Union Council, whose hostile attitude to the dole cuts forced the Socialist Government to resign. In the group are Messrs. Chater, Scott Lindsay, Dallas, Williams, and the Rev. James Barr, Chairman

TWO WHO PUT STATE ABOVE PARTY: Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald and Snowden, who retain the offices of the Prime Minister and Chancellor



THE LIBERAL INFLUX: The Marquis of Reading, who goes to the Foreign Office, and Sir Herbert Samuel, Deputy Leader of the Whigs, who takes on the arduous duties of the Home Office

THE "HOMELESS" HOME SECRETARY: Mr. J. R. Clynes, whose office is being filled by the leader, in the absence of Mr. Lloyd George, of the Liberal Party

THE DOCTRINAIRE: Lord Passfield, who is largely responsible for theoretical Socialism, was Minister for the Colonies—an office now held by Mr. J. H. Thomas

"I SHALL BE IN THE GOVERNMENT," said Mr. J. H. Thomas—and he is, with the portfolios of both the Dominions and the Colonies

of six who went at Party's call and one who stayed at the Nation's

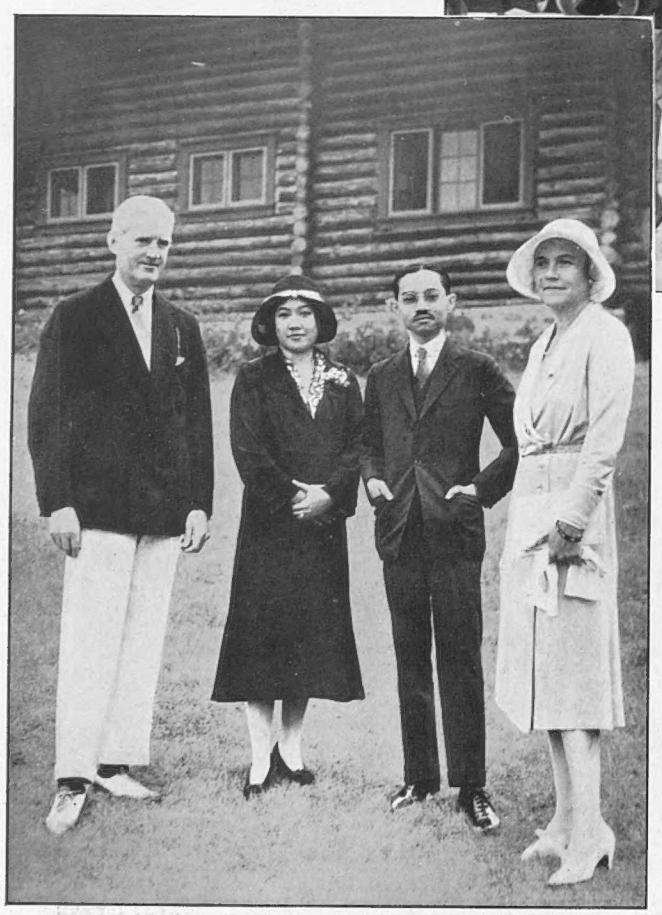
CONFLICT *in* CUBA : SECESSION *in* SPAIN

The Latest News in Pictures from the Ends of the Earth

REVOLT IN CUBA: A patriotic demonstration held in favour of President Machado who, as we go to press, is still in power in the Island of Cigars. The insurgents are anxious to see Dr. Domingo Mendez Capote at the head of the government. Some hundreds of lives have already been reported lost but revolutions in Latin America are much a matter of course

A REBEL LEADER: Dr. Domingo Mendez Capote, head of the revolutionary Cuban Junta, telephoning from his New York hotel

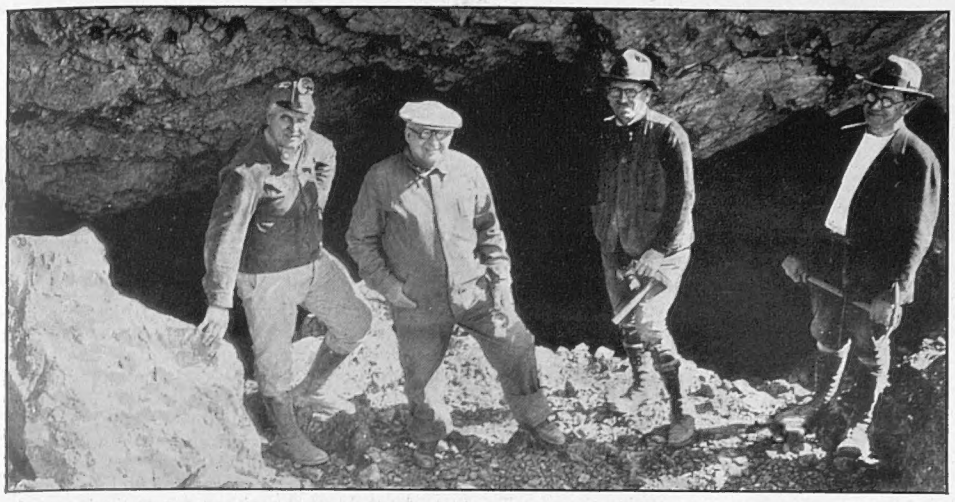
THE KING OF IRAQ IN FRANCE: King Feisal (in képi) visited the Exposition Internationale Coloniale in the Bois de Vincennes during his visit to France. H.M. is seen above with M. Olivier, Governor-General of Madagascar, and other officials on a tour of inspection of the Exhibition



ROYALTY ON HOLIDAY: King Prajadhipok of Siam and his Queen with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McConnell at the latter's camp on the St. Lawrence, St. Agathe des Monts, where T. M. stayed for a week's fishing

THE FIREBRAND OF AUSTRALIA: Mr. J. T. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, whose labour policy is suicidal

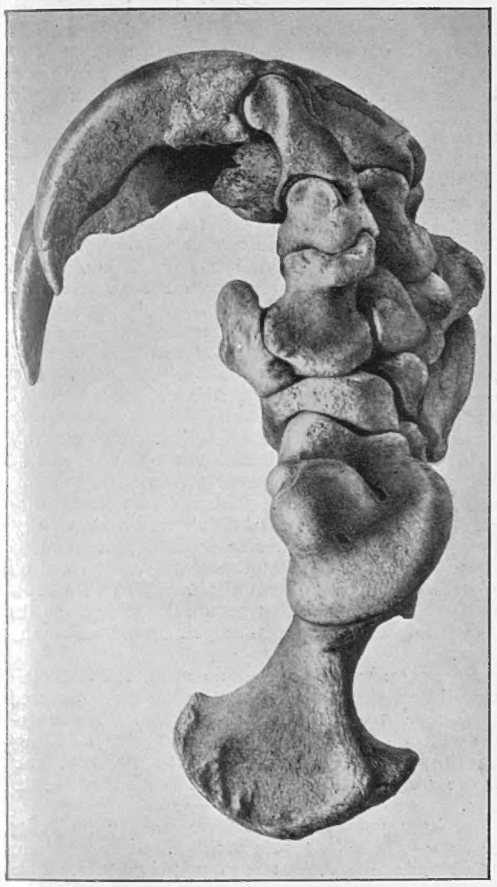
PRESIDENTS BOTH: Colonel Macia, President of the Catalonian Republic, in conference on the subject of Secession with Señor Zamorra, Provisional President of Spain



WHERE THE LINK WITH THE ICE-AGE WAS FOUND: Gypsum Cave, Nevada. From left to right: Mr. M. R. Harrington, Curator of the South West Museum; Dr. James, Director of the Museum; Dr. Chester Stock and Mr. E. L. Furlong, of the California Institute of Technology

MAN *and the* ICE AGE

A Dramatic Discovery in Gypsum Cave



THE RIGHT HIND FOOT OF A GROUND SLOTH: The original measured nearly 2 ft. Fragments of the horny pedal sheath can still be seen

An interesting discovery has recently been made by an American geological party under the direction of Dr. Chester Stock, at Gypsum Cave, Nevada, U.S.A., of the remains of a ground sloth. These ponderous, slow-moving animals frequented jungles, forests, and rolling plains of North and South America during the Pleistocene period, the period also known as the Great Ice Age.

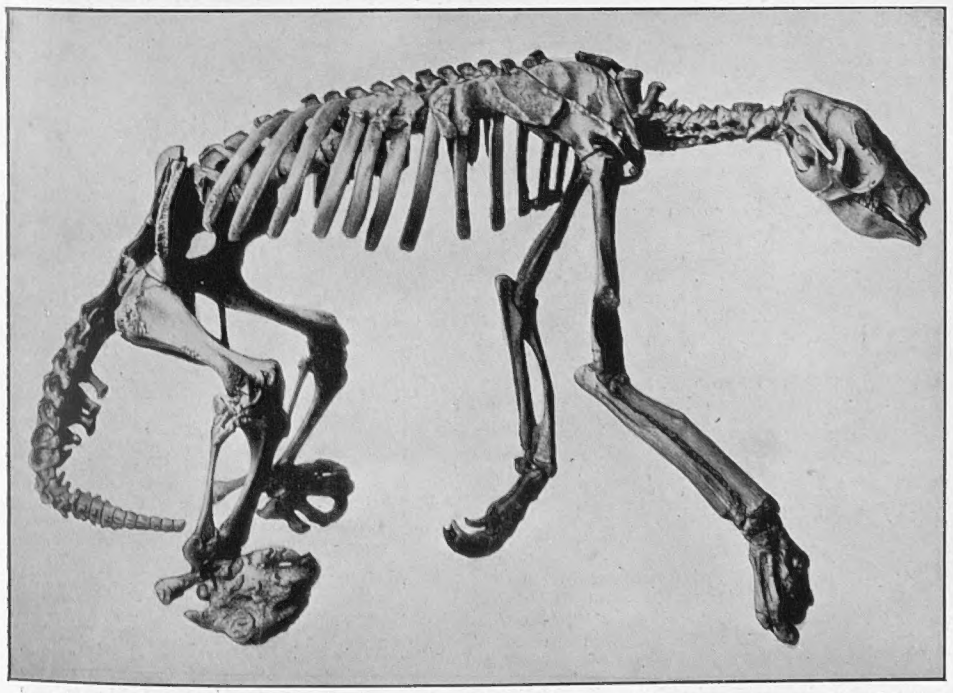
The objects found have attracted much attention in various parts of the world. They consisted of pieces of the hide of an animal known as a northrotherium, covered with masses of coarse, reddish-brown hair; various bones of the same animal, including those of the right hind foot, its phalanges terminating in enormous claws with their horny sheath still intact; and a number of objects attributed to primitive man such as bits of charcoal, burnt sticks, apparently once used as torches, flint dart-points, and crude wooden dart-shafts decorated with quite elaborate patterns in red and black, blue and green.

The discovery of skeleton parts of these animals in the Cave mentioned, in apparent association with objects of human workmanship, indicate that man may have been contemporaneous on this continent with these beasts, believed to have become extinct in remote times.

In a recent report on the discovery, President Merriam, of Carnegie Institution at Washington, states :—" There is no doubt regarding the great importance of this find. It ranks among the most interesting discoveries in archæology in America."

A visit to the Geological Department of the British Museum (Natural History) at Cromwell Road, South Kensington, will give readers an opportunity of studying this queer prehistoric animal.

F. G. B.



NORTHROTHERIUM: A remarkably complete skeleton obtained at Aden Crater, New Mexico. Bits of epidermal structures still adhere to skull, ribs, shoulder blades, and feet. The hair is of a reddish, orang-utan shade

"DIVES": Herr Alexander Moissi, the famous Viennese actor, awaiting his entrance in the old Morality, played in fine weather in the Cathedral Square

The SALZBURG FESTIVAL

The Spirit of the Church Joyant

It is a magic moment when, leaning out of the train on your way to Salzburg, you catch the earliest glimpse of the castled crag round which the town is built. There it stands, sprung surprisingly from a long plain, down either side of which the mountains sail like huge ships. This is your first experience of the triple spell Salzburg casts over her votaries.

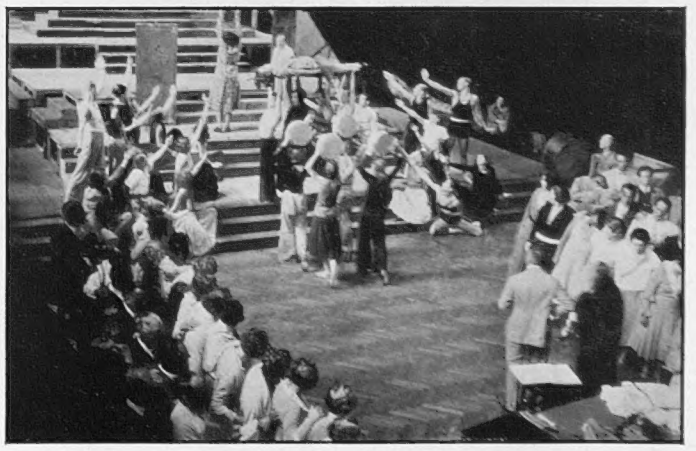
The second revelation of her enchantment greets you as you step from the rickety little tram into the Vicktor Platz, for if you are lucky your rooms are in the old town, where spacious squares and narrow streets lie crushed in an intricate maze between the river and the wooded heights of Hohensalzburg. It is a town of many lovely fountains, and much of its beauty is due to the glowing pinkish-gold stone of which the more dignified buildings are constructed, while they in their turn blend enchantingly with the broken pastel colours of the house fronts. In architecture it belongs almost entirely to the Baroque and Rococo periods, which it expresses in their purest forms, rich and stately in design, but lacking the overburdened fantastic decorative treatment usually associated with those styles.

The final spell is cast and your subjugation complete when you enter the cathedral, Festspielhaus, or Stadttheater, wherever it may be that you witness for the first time a performance of the Salzburg Festival.

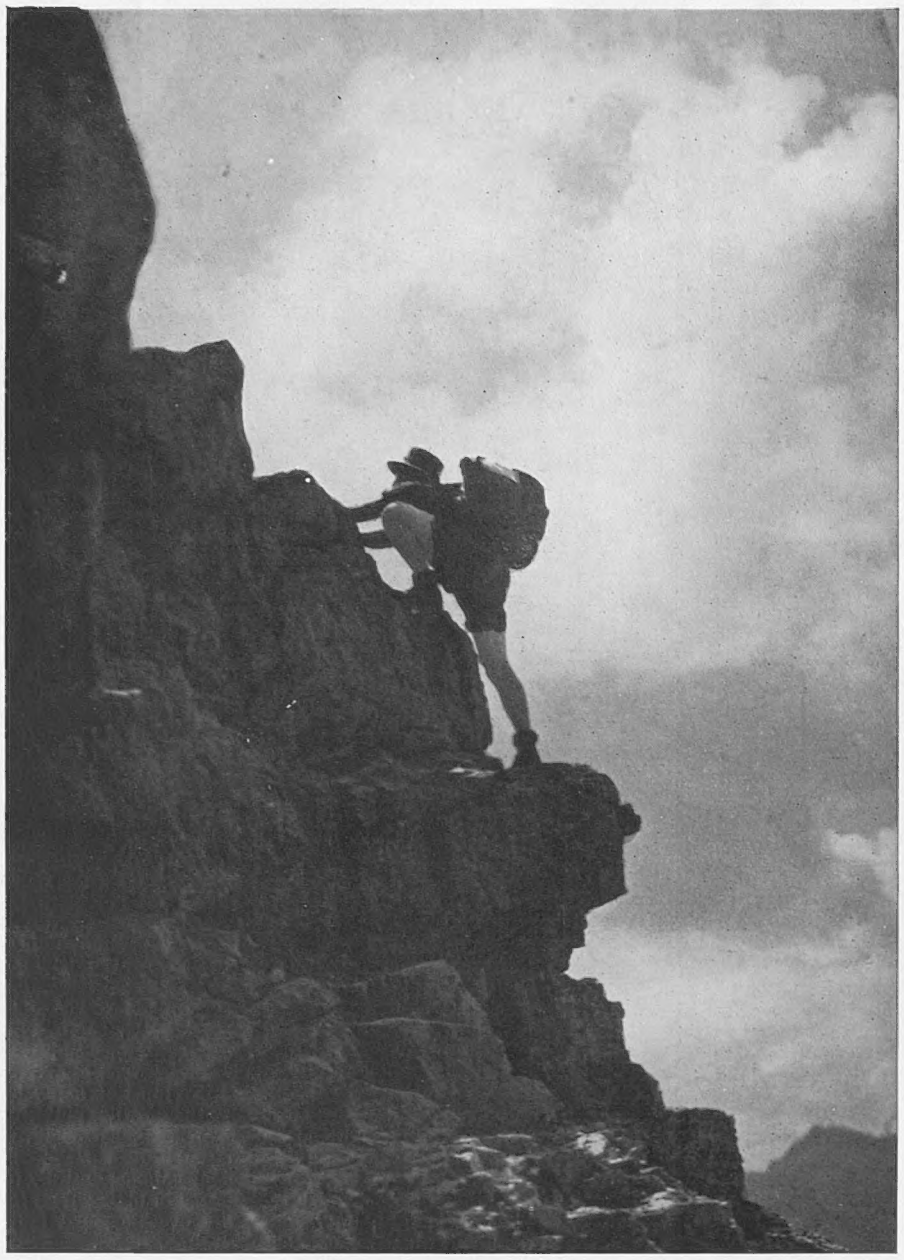
A great idealism lies behind the Salzburg Festival, and this seems to affect both actors and audience alike. The promoters, including as they do, Max Reinhardt, Franz Schalk, Dr. Richard Strauss, and until his death in 1929, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, are men of remarkable calibre who, working together for over ten years, have brought to the founding and development of the Salzburg Festival an unfailing devotion and the inspiration of their genius. They have sought and captured the spirit of Salzburg, embodied in her great churches, and expressed it anew in musical and dramatic enterprises of international interest. With Mozart as their keystone they build yearly a programme whose grandeur of design is unrivalled among festivals. Artists of world fame are enlisted in its interest—Toscanini and Bruno Walter among conductors, Elizabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Richard Mayr, and many other famous musicians. The theatre is represented by productions of Max Reinhardt, the most celebrated being Hofmannsthal's version of *Everyman* which is acted every year in the Cathedral Square, the name-part being taken by that actor, who is Everyman, indeed, for he seems to combine the nature of all men in one—Alexander Moissi.

It is to this underlying nobility of purpose and co-operation that the Salzburg Festival owes its extraordinary success, and all who are concerned in it might well take for their motto, "All things are working together for good," for it is a matter of great wonder that Austria, shattered as she is by social upheavals, financial instability, and the loss of her economic resources should still be capable of such a great spiritual and artistic Renaissance and challenge to the world as the Salzburg Festival.

V. Haich



REHEARSAL: A scene during the preparation for Orpheus and Eurydice, *the clou of the Salzburg Festival for 1931. Herr Bruno Walter, the conductor, is in the centre foreground*



THE ROCK ROAD; A typical climbing scene on a face where there is neither ice nor snow. This picture comes from the Algäuer Alps, Germany

"*Per* ARDUA *ad* ASTRA"

The Present Alpine Season with Notes on the Correct and Incorrect Use of the Rope

Like those who indulge in it, the sport of mountain-climbing has its ups and downs in the public eye. Its credit rises when a party reaches the summit of one of the highest Himalayas amid the acclamations of leader-writers. But when the news comes, not of a triumph but of a disaster, the public turns round and shakes its head at a sport which exposes its devotees to such awful risks. Meanwhile the leader-writers solemnly ask whether so dubious a game is worth so expensive a candle. People who are in the habit of spending their holidays in climbing the Alps find that they live under an alternating fire of tribute and criticism from their friends. They go about blushing, either for their imputed heroism or for their imputed folly, and they have some difficulty in explaining that they are guilty of neither.

At the moment the sport of climbing has again been thrown into temporary disrepute by the accident on the Jungfrau which has entailed the loss of three English climbers. The party had reached the summit, and was returning to the hut when the accident occurred. How this came about we shall never know, but one suspects the presence of that most insidious of mountain dangers—the slackness in the use of the rope that creeps over a party, especially an entirely amateur party, towards the end of a long and arduous day's climbing. As so many non-climbers appear to have but a vague idea of the purpose served by a rope, a few words may aptly be said in elucidation of this comment.

Climbers tie themselves together as a measure of safety, but the mere tying on of a rope never made anyone safer. The rope has to be used as well as worn. It is brought into use in places where a climber who slipped would not be able to stop himself. Where this is the case the whole party sets itself to guard against the slip of any one member. Only one climber at a time engages on precarious work. The others establish themselves in positions whence they cannot be dislodged, and by anchorages and belays so dispose themselves and the rope that a slip on the part of the moving man can be checked at once. These tactics call for a good deal of circumspection and detailed arrangement, and it is nothing unusual for a whole hour to be spent in covering a short stretch of mountain surface. The climber is by no means resentful of these problems. They interest and satisfy him, for the keenest enjoyment in climbing is found in passing over ticklish places with the assurance of safety.

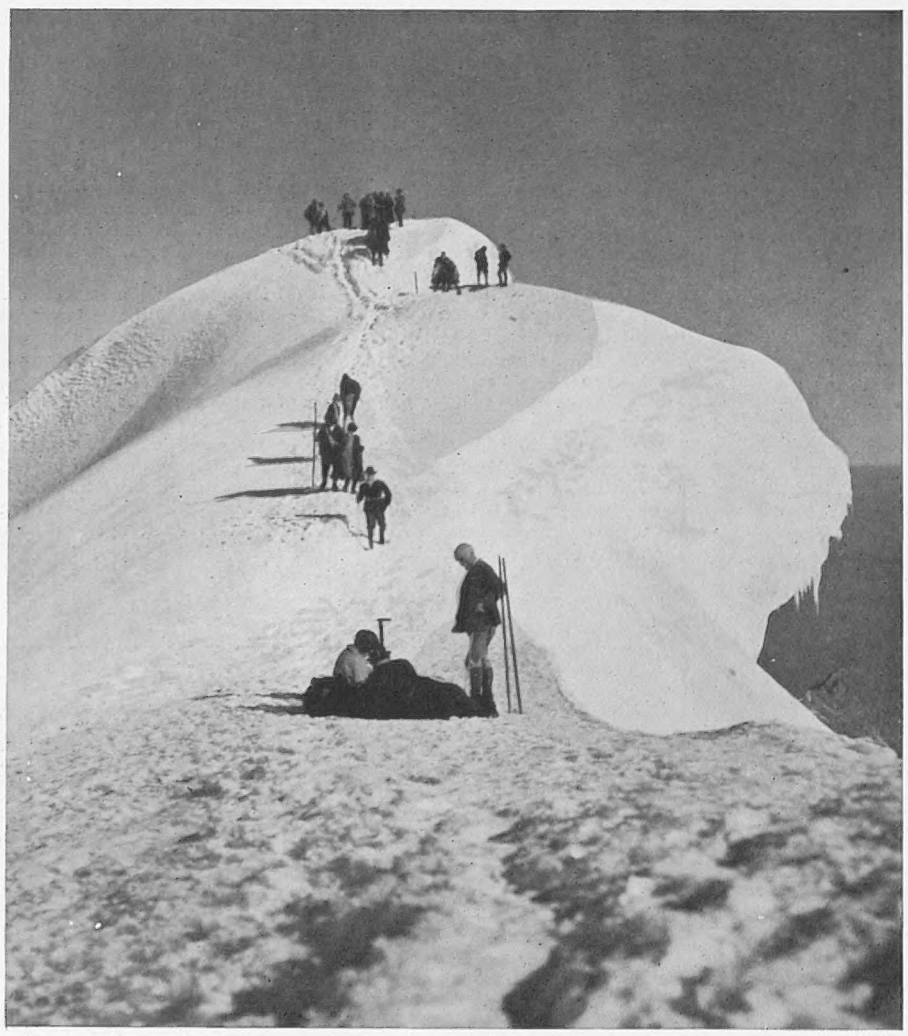
At other times—on the larger Alpine peaks at most times—the progress is so easy and straightforward that these measures are unnecessary. The rope is still worn, for it may be needed at any moment. The climbers gather up a few coils of it in their hands and all move forward together. Thus at various moments in the course of a climb the rope may be either in stringent use or completely in abeyance. Between the one extreme and the other all degrees of emergency may arise, and a party experienced in team work automatically adapts itself and its rope tactics to the varying nature of the ground. But the springs of this automatic action are apt to weaken among tired climbers, owing chiefly to the mental effect of their fatigue. The party as a whole becomes less ready to perceive or interpret the call for special precaution, and out of sheer indolence the climbers may find themselves merely wearing the rope when they ought to be using it. If a slip now occurs the rope runs its length unchecked, and the fall, instead of being stopped by the next man, is forcibly conveyed to him.

Accidents of this kind are rare, but when they do occur their spectacular nature provokes a good deal of comment, often of an acrid nature, on the dangers which the rope *introduces* into climbing. The commentators are not aware that on any fine day in the Alpine climbing season the proper use of the rope probably saves a thousand lives; nor do they know that by far the greater number of mountaineering accidents occur to unroped climbers.

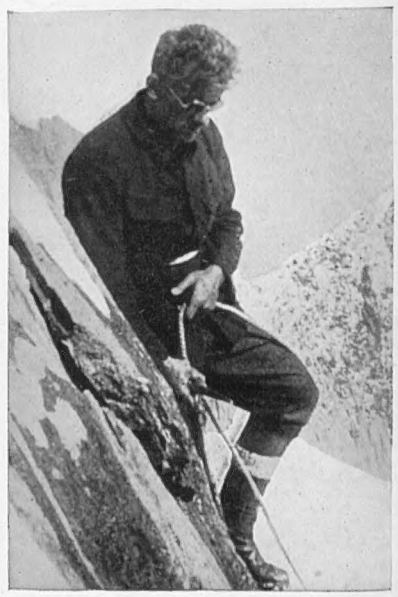
The present season has been unusually free from mishaps, chiefly because the Alps have been unusually free from visitors. The weather, too, has played its part in keeping down the tale of misadventure. The total amount of bad weather has not perhaps exceeded the average, but the bad spells have been so timed that just as the peaks were completing their recovery from one attack the next one would arrive. For a long period the Matterhorn was never really in good condition, although the sun might shine every other day. It is one of the snags of mountaineering that the first effect of sunshine upon new snow that has fallen upon rocky ground is to change a good deal of it into ice.

It was in such conditions that the most sporting climb of recent years was carried out on this very mountain. Two young Bavarians cycled over from Munich and climbed the north face which lies to the right of the ordinary route, spending a night out on the way up. Now the Matterhorn is a rock mountain of loose habits. While climbers sidle up its ridges it pours its unavailing wrath down the intervening faces, and to launch out on one of these bombarded areas was perhaps the most speculative enterprise that has ever been undertaken in the Alps. When the climbers returned to Zermatt nobody read them a lecture. Their hotelkeeper gave them a banquet and two days later their photographs were on sale in all the libraries.

W. McNAUGHT



ON THE PEAK OF THE GRAND VENETIAN: A scene of snow climbing in Austria. There are three main conditions in mountaineering — snow, ice, and naked rock. The second is the most dangerous



THE ROPE IN ACTION: Mr. Max Maglier, a noted Swiss climber, who has recently lost his life in the Caucasus

The NEW LAMBETH BRIDGE Grows Apace

Work in Progress on the New Tram and Traffic Bridge Across the Thames

LAMBETH BRIDGE IS GROWING UP! The converse of the famous old song of London Bridge is true of its fellow Thames-crosser, Lambeth. The old bridge was condemned, discarded, and has now been pulled down, and a temporary footbridge is in use alongside the fast-rising new structure. While the experts and the authorities are discussing at length what should be done in connection with the now famous bone of contention—the Charing Cross Bridge—the 1,000 ft. long, 50 ft. wide bridge at Lambeth, with its five spans each of 150 ft., is proceeding. Special provision is being made for trams, and it is confidently expected that the spans will bear their share of the overwhelming traffic early next year

HALF-A-MILLION SHEEP in the WELSH HILLS

One Column of a Vast Army Makes its Way to a Sheep-dipping Station

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: A huge mountain sheep-drive has been in progress for the past few days in the northern Welsh counties of Merioneth, Denbigh, and on the great bulk of the Cambrian hills known as Snowdonia, for half-a-million sheep—the famous Welsh mutton—have been rounded up for dipping. Weather did not interfere with the activity; one or two days were—as is usual with this year's "summer"—characterized by heavy rain. A dipping station was established at the base of the Pystall Falls in the Berwyn Mountains

b

"OLD BILL": Intimate studies of Andy and Harriet, the baby walruses which have just been placed in the Zoo. They are about six months old and their greatest delight lies in sucking, by way of a "dummy," the fingers—or the entire hand—of their keeper or congenial visitors. They are the first baby walruses ever to be shown at the Zoo and come from the North Polar regions

FUN-MAKERS *at the* ZOO

Baby Bears and Baby Walruses Compete with the Ever-Popular Monkeys as the Farceurs of the Great Establishment at Regent's Park

The antics of monkeys are invariably amusing, the more especially when they are mimicking humanity, and most especially of all when they put to simian uses some peculiarly human piece of mechanism. A camera and Booboo and Peggy, two chimpanzees, were responsible for considerable diversion the other day at the Zoo. Peggy, with a vanity typical of females (even in the animal world!) arrayed herself in one of the new bowler hats, while Booboo seized a loaded camera and tried to record this newest of chimp. fashions, presumably to burn the hearts of their not-so-civilized fellows in the illustrated section of the "Jungle Tatler!" After incredibly funny evolutions, Booboo, having looked down the lens, smelled the shutter and caressed the case, prepared for business. The pose was satisfactory—but unhappily the film came rolling out. Booboo tasted the film and found it not unpleasant but, to his dismay, totally inefficient as a recording medium! He appealed to his simian gods to assist him—but in vain. He wound the film round his neck, but this did not seem to improve matters. Finally, he abandoned the attempt in disgust and consoled Peggy—who, again with traditional femininity, first discarded and then resumed the hat—with a resounding kiss.

Not only the monkeys, but the baby bears and the baby walruses are productive of great amusement at the Zoo.

"PUNCH" AND "JUDY": The newest babies on view at the Zoo are the three-month-old Syrian bear cubs. They have a great charm of appearance—despite a faint resemblance, on account of their "legginess," to ant-eaters—and bid fair to cause as much amusement among young visitors as their more famous namesakes. One is seen here displaying great curiosity on the arrival of a photographer

THE SONS of SATAN

The Devil Worshippers of Darkest Africa

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

A half-naked black man squatting on the ground and playing aimlessly with four white bones has become the great problem of Africa. There are many modernists to-day who will argue that the witch doctor of the African kraal is no less scientific than the witch doctor in a European laboratory.

Certainly when General Smuts makes his presidential address to the British Association in October, that great gathering of scientists will be listening to one who has not hesitated to characterize the witch doctor of Africa as the real ruler of the continent. "The true ruler of Africa to-day, as he has been for thousands of years in the past, is the medicine man," I heard General Smuts declare at Oxford. "And the only man to fight him effectively is the scientific medicine man."

But even a magician of Harley Street would find it difficult to impress the black brains of the bush. The miracles of the European medicine man, great though they be, have not the same spectacular appeal as those of the black medicine man. It is not therefore surprising that a few weeks ago, with true Latin logic, the authorities in the Congo pursued a society of African witch doctors with modern rifles and machine-guns. The natives fought desperately, but their spears and magic were futile against that sinister rat-a-tat-tat mowing them down ruthlessly. It was but another effort on the part of the Belgian authorities to stamp out the secret societies that flourish in the darkness of Africa.

The African native has a childlike delight in secret societies. The ritual, however, of one of these societies, stretching from the Gold Coast almost to the Cape, makes a European affair like the Camorra seem as tame as an undergraduate initiation ceremony. African secret societies are brutal and bloody. Once a black man is in their grip he is gambling with death every day of his life.

The particular society attacked by the Belgians called itself the Sons of Satan. They were devil worshippers of a pure kind, and an indication of the perverse manner in which many natives are twisting the Gospel preached by Christian missionaries up and down Africa. In the Transkei district of South Africa I have heard a native fanatic elaborating the idea of a Black Christ. He was a pure African, educated in the United States, and in the course of his pilgrimage through the Transkei he attracted a group of disciples to himself. His imagination went so far as to picture to the natives who gathered about him a sky filled with aeroplanes, negroes trained in America who, like black angels, would swoop down and deliver them from their white masters. Promptly the authorities locked him and his fervent disciples in the nearest gaol, where I presume he still languishes.

A WITCH DOCTOR OF THE CAPE: A typical example of the real rulers of Africa

The secret societies of Africa are strongest north of the Zambesi. Again and again the Belgian authorities have been forced to lead punitive expeditions against strange sects whose blood sacrifices have terrorized natives throughout whole districts. The Sons of Satan, who were attacked with machine-guns, are really part of those infamous organizations known as the Human Leopard and the Alligator Societies. A close reading of official reports from the British Protectorate of Sierra Leone will show the trouble that these societies have given, and that no sooner are they exterminated in one area than they appear more powerful than ever in a district some hundreds of miles away.

The oldest and most powerful is the Human Leopard Society. The blood sacrifices of this particular society run into several hundreds. There are scores of authentic records. One member murdered his own daughter of eighteen years of age. At a place named Bogo a fifteen-year-old boy was the victim. Magisterial investigation failed to trace the murderers. A more notorious case was that of a chief, Humpa Peyombo, who offered his sister for sacrifice. His offer was refused. A villager named Kananda was selected instead, was killed after atrocious torture, and eaten by the members.

The negro State of Liberia is a stronghold of the Leopard Society. President King has attempted again and again to suppress its devotees, but the society is too powerful. There is a savage side to certain African aborigines which is only to be satisfied by the mystery of a secret society with murder and frequently cannibalism as its aim. The murder methods of the Human Leopards are particularly horrible. At Stanleyville, in the Congo, one may examine many of the instruments of this sect.

The method of the Human Leopard is to kill like a beast. For this purpose the man disguises himself with a covering of brown bark cloth stained to the semblance of a leopard skin which is worn round the loins and over the head in the form of a cowl and pierced with two holes to see through. This disguise is completed by a leopard tail fixed to a belt behind. The Human Leopard carries a pair of steel leopard-claw knives attached to his hands. Some of these knives consist of four sharp steel claws for tearing the body, while others are straight, three-pronged knives for stabbing the victim to death. Often their prey are women and children, but there are occasions when a member of the sect is selected for the blood sacrifice. It is a Suicide Club of particular horror.

South of the Zambesi British law has been stern against the witch doctor. In Swaziland, for example, the practice of witchcraft has been declared criminal. But usually the chief himself is the greatest of all witch doctors, and the great rain-making secrets are in his possession. I once attempted to persuade the present King of the Swazis, Sobhuza, to discuss the secrets of witchcraft. For the most part he tactfully avoided the subject, although he had on his head the head-ring, or crown, which is waxed over with some portion of a human being offered up as a sacrifice by the witch doctors.

A LOYAL SUBJECT OF KING GEORGE: An ebony-coloured minstrel of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan who is very proud of the fact that he can play "God Save the King" on his curious and primitive violin

The attempt to suppress the witch doctor has caused some consternation in the profession. It was inevitable, perhaps, that the witch doctors should form themselves into a union. I recall one of their demonstrations on the Rand. It was a crowded affair and the hall was packed with black miracle workers from all over Southern Africa. The president of the newly-formed association wore a well-cut suit, stiff white collar, and tinted glasses. He spoke at length, and then called for the mystic bones. As soon as he flung them on the floor pandemonium broke loose, and it was some time before the more frenzied members of the audience could be quieted.

The smeller-out appeared, too, an old man wearing a tail coat, white shirt, and grey trousers. One witch doctor sported a waistcoat of jackal skin in fashionable cut. All were exceedingly well dressed and some wore monocles. One carried his bones in a tobacco bag, another in an opera-glass case, and a third in an attaché case. And there were demonstrations of their mystic powers. It was all rather like an evening with the Magicians' Circle in London except for the sinister undercurrent. For witch doctors mean secret societies in Africa, and secret societies mean brutal murder.

"SUDAN": A travelling negro dancer, well-known to many visitors to Morocco

Native medicine men in South Africa, though barred by law from practising, recently formed themselves into an association and gave a public demonstration of the mystic rights of their profession. It was explained that there are four chief bones, generally flat and oblong. These are: "the big man," "the biter," "the big auntie," and "the little auntie." One side of each bone is covered with spots. The other side is plain. If all fall with the spots up there will, it is said, be trouble in the country. All the bones with spots down mean loss of luck and belongings. Three bones with the spots down and an aunt facing west are interpreted as "You will be dead before sundown." Three with the spots down and an aunt facing north mean good luck

PESHAWAR *lives up to its* REPUTATION

The North-West Frontier is Grim Once More—Though the Social Life of Tennis, Golf and Dancing still Proceeds with Typically British Nonchalance

By VERNON BLAIR

THE MENACE OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: It is the hardy Pathan, the Afridi, and the Afghan of this type, with his fanatical faith of Islam backed by his military valour and infallible aim, that is the danger in Peshawar—not the civil revolt of the Gandhi-ites, although they, while fearing and opposed to the Muslims of the North, yet inadvertently assist him by creating discord at the base

PESHAWAR.

The North-West Frontier is living as the lady novelists have pictured it. It is living up to its reputation.

In times past it must have disappointed many who have come to Peshawar expecting thrills, shootings, sudden alarms. They have found only tennis tournaments, dances, races, hunting. Times have changed. The frontier is grim once more. Men are armed. Women are confined within the strict limits of the military stations. Excursions are undertaken only with armed guards. The Frontier reeks with adventure.

The big club functions still. There is tennis and golf on the baked *maidan*, and hunting in the Winter. There are dances when the weather permits, and there are squash tournaments.

All this with a difference. For you play golf round a course carefully guarded by mounted police patrolling the limits and searching the deep ravines. The little bar half-way round is supervised by the servant from the club, but it is watched also by the bearded, stalwart, and silent trooper from the Poona Horse.

Every follower to hounds is armed. There is a bulge under the pocket of his riding jacket or his pink coat and there are outriders, joining in the hunt for the jackal, but looking also for bigger game. They jump the ditches and set their trained horses at the thorny hedges, but they are looking for men, not the brush of the jackal.

When the jackal heads towards country where the Englishman cannot go, he is headed back, and they say jokingly (for everybody is joking here) that the more intelligent jackals make straight for Afridi country, where there might be more thrilling sport for his pursuers than the jumping of ditches and hedges. And there have been times when the English pack of hounds have been whipped off their quarry, for the outriders have reported that the boundaries of safe country have been passed. The hunt stops, and these smiling men watch Mr. Jack escape — into the country of humans even more cunning than himself.

If you go to church, you pass between two armed men, who march round the building while the padre gives his sermon. There is a silhouette on the roof of the club, a bearded man with a rifle and bayonet, watching.

Yesterday I went to the races at Landi Kotal, where there is the club holding the distinction of being the farthest into enemy country. It is small, and parched by the heat, and there is mighty difficulty in keeping that tiny stretch of lawn behind its shuttered doors alive at all. It is the lawn of Landi Kotal revered and carefully tended, for it is the only grass in the Khyber Pass.

But they had the races in Landi Kotal, on a strip of tan laid down on the hard bare plain near the landing field. It was a strange sight. When an aeroplane lands after a reconnoitre over the hills, troops are rushed out of the barracks. British soldiers kneel round the machine as the pilot and observer climb out, half blinded by the sun and the hot wind, and so long as the machine is in the open the troops stand by.

For, watching the strange machine, there are thousands of tribesmen, peaceful now, but liable to try their skill with their ready rifles. For the sport in the Khyber is always with the rifle. There is no other criterion of skill.

But yesterday there were no aeroplanes to spoil the sport of kings. It was Saturday, and the society of Landi Kotal, all of them soldiers, were intent on the races.

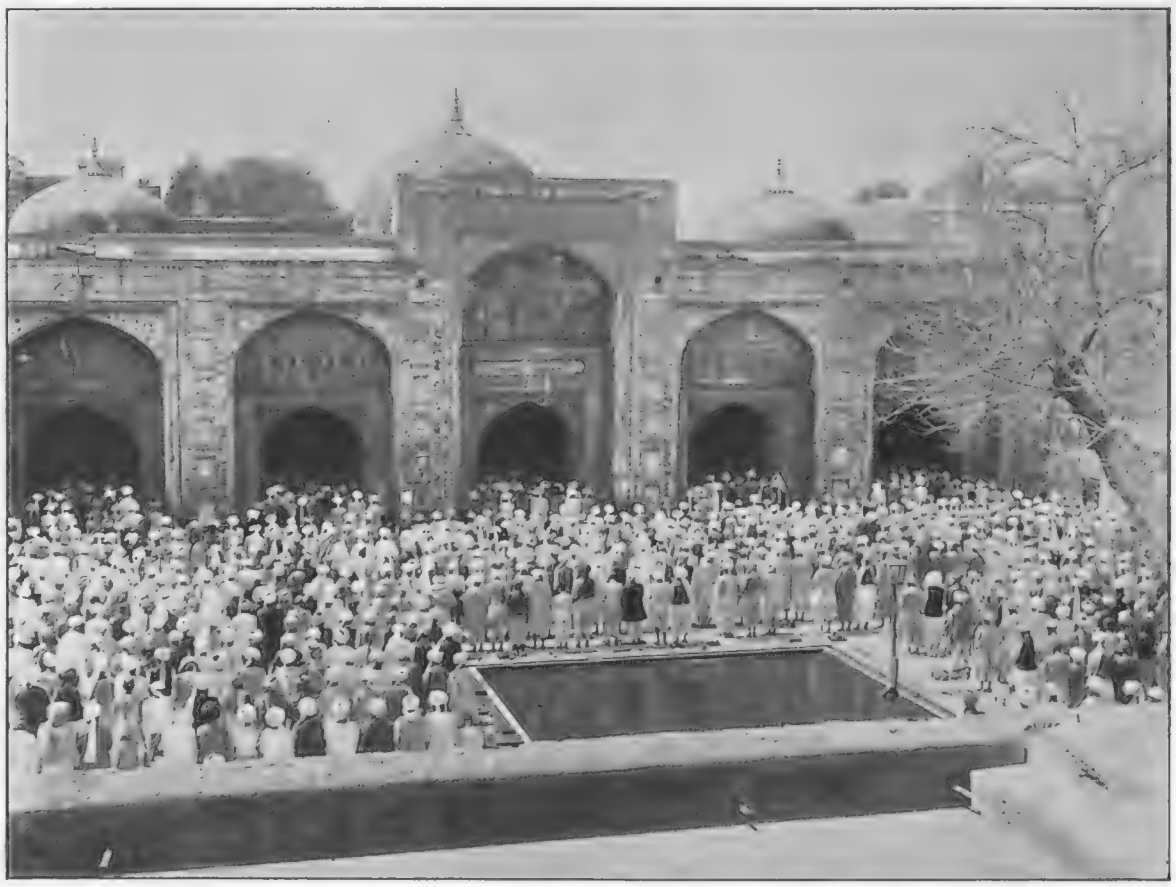
There were eight races, seven of them for mules and one for the troopers of the Poona Horse. Through the heat of the day they tore round the circle of tan, and the crowd that watched shifted their rifles and peered over the rough railings that had been erected to keep them in their own paddock. There was a "tote," for the benefit of the tribesmen. The tickets were four annas, roughly sixpence, and in one race the winner drew no less than sixty rupees, or five pounds.

For the friendly tribesmen had been invited, and came down from the hills in their hundreds. They came armed of course, for they feel uncomfortable without the sling over their shoulders. They patronized the tote and watched the British officers on the other side of the railings, and waxed hugely enthusiastic.

Perhaps the most exciting race was that for the mules, cross country, when the first twenty yards led the fifty animals straight down the side of a deep ditch, then up again. The starter, a British officer, saw that ditch, and moved the ambulance from the centre of the racecourse to a new position at the bottom of the ditch.

The mules plunged down in a cloud of dust. Only half came out the other side. For in the scrum there were falls and false steps, and the excited animals plunged and fell over their fallen rivals. A dour, dangerous sport, but the Shinwaris and Afridis watched and loved the thrill of it.

Afterwards we dined on the lawn of Landi Kotal, protected by a great wall that rises ten feet all round this little stretch of civilization in the primitive hills. The wall is there, they say, for protection from the vulgar stare of the Indians who might watch the Sahibs at their dinner. But it is for protection also from other attention more dangerous.



SEETHING WITH SEDITION: Muhammadan natives at mid-day prayer in the court of the Great Mosque, Peshawar. There is, really, a triangular conflict in progress in India—Hindu, Muslim, and British—each of which is antagonistic to the other and no two of which can ever combine against the third

To-night under the fans we listened to the new records out from home. There were *Ever Green* and *Wonder Bar* and *Bitter Sweet*. We are very proud of having *Wonder Bar* out here so soon.

There was bridge for the enthusiastic and much talk. Our motor-cars were parked at one side, and everyone was happy, for the English mail was in early and the talk ranged all the length of Piccadilly and the River from Oxford to Maidenhead.

We heard two shots as we talked. Comment was laconic. "Somebody frightened," said the Major. "Have to see about those to-morrow," said the Colonel.

For we were living on an island here. We were in the centre of a ring of barbed wire, and the centre of a ring of armed police. The other side of the wire lives India and Afghanistan. This is England, even though there are bazaars in this ring and native quarters where the servants live. The armed police have orders to fire first, then challenge. There is no excuse taken for being seen getting through the triple strands of wire.

Coming back to my hotel after midnight, there was a challenge. The armed policeman saluted.

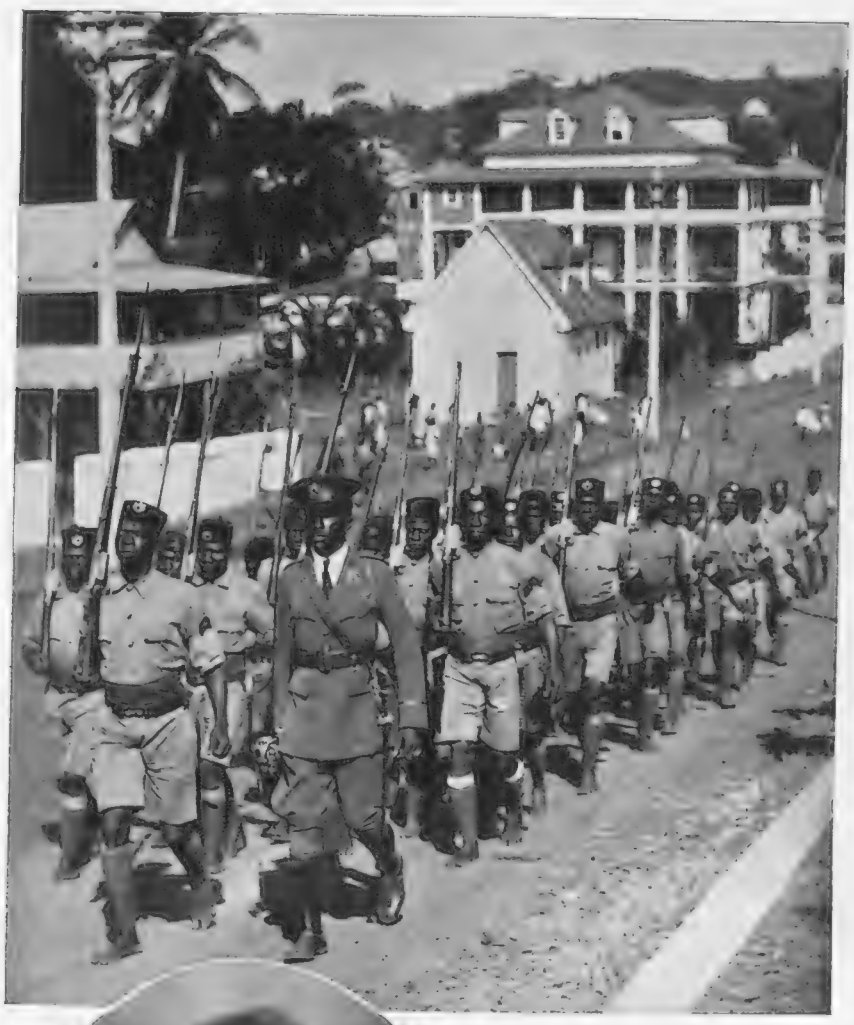
And in the still night I thought I could hear faintly the strains of *Ever Green* coming over from the gramophone we are so proud of at the club. India, outside the strands of barbed wire, was quiet. Over away by Landi Kotal and the Kyber Pass gleamed the snow on the hills, seen faintly in the moonlight. Here we simmered under fans, temperature 104 in the shade.

The city was quiet, that city which is called the Paris of the East. The tribes were reported quiet. The only sound, now, was "This is too good to be good." But nevertheless, the Frontier is living up to its reputation.

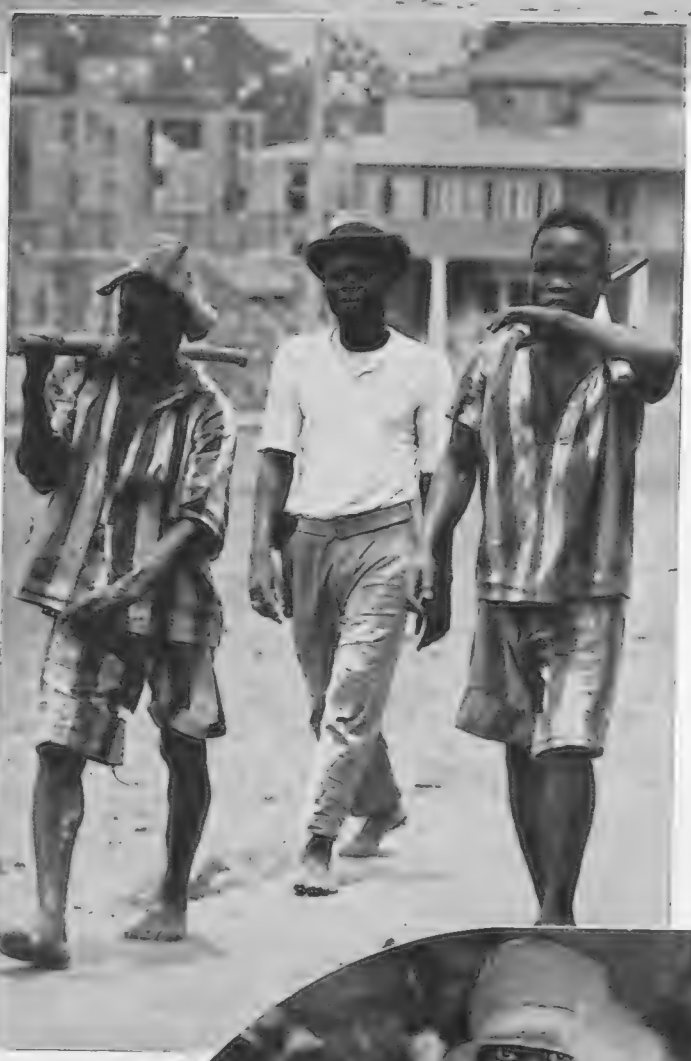
LIBERIA: One of the World's Two Purely Negro States

Spasmodic Attempts at Modernism and Reactions into the Primitive Characterize the Civilization and the Life of the Only Black State, Other than Hayti, in the World

FRONTING THE CAPITAL: Weytown, a small settled island in front of the town of Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. Despite the ambitions of the negro authorities much of Liberia is very primitive (as may be gauged from these huts) and much of what is modern does not work



THE MILITARY: A company of the Regular Army—officered and trained by negroes. The State maintains a force of 2,000 men, and though they go barefoot and their drill would shock the Guards, they are quite competent to deal with local risings, although not capable of subduing the secret societies of diabolism described on page 311



THE CONVICTS MAKE THE ROADS: Liberian prisoners are not shut up in penal institutions, but are forced to do useful work, usually on road-making

Left—THE LEADING ECCLESIASTIC IN LIBERIA: The Rev. Mr. Gibson, the pastor of the most important church in Monrovia, Liberia, which is largely and officially a Christian State

Right—"NOEL, NOEL": Dusky belles of Monrovia chant Christmas carols in the leading church of the capital

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

Japan, Rumania, Germany, and Jugo-Slavia under the Camera's Eye

RITUAL ARCHERY: This was one of the impressive rites celebrated at the Meiji Jingu Shrine in Tokio on the 20th anniversary of the death of the great Emperor Meiji. All the due Shinto (the State religion of Japan) ceremonies were performed in his honour, for although Japan is rapidly becoming westernized mechanically, the country still remains conservative in spiritual matters. This striking picture of the archer, clad in ritual costume, drawing his gigantic bow, recalls the Greek funeral games and the immortal legend of Ulysses and the bow that none but he could bend, with which he discomfited the suitors of Penelope on his return from the Trojan War

FAILURE IN RUMANIA: The Bank Berkowitz, one of the great financial institutions of Bucarest, crashed some days ago and failed to open its doors. The National Bank announced that it would give support to all other banks. The Berkowitz Bank held properties worth 1,000,000,000 lei and to have deposits worth 700,000,000 lei. The lei stands at about 800 to the £

BERLIN'S NEW CHURCH: The inauguration ceremony of the Confession Church in Berlin

The new church (inset above), *inaugurated this month in the Treptow district of Berlin, is named Confession Church in remembrance of the quatercentenary of the Confession of Augsburg. Its extraordinary facade, seen above, recalls something of a Jewish synagogue rather than a Christian church and is typical of the shattering of tradition German architecture has inaugurated. There is this to be said in its favour, even by those who dislike* style moderne: *it is entirely harmonious with the rest of the street*

JAPANESE PRAYER FOR FINANCIAL AID: Ex-soldiers of Japan bow their heads and pass before the Meiji Shrine—sacred to the late Mikado—lest their pensions be cut as it is, in the interests of economy, proposed. Even Japan, far removed from the turbulence of European financial troubles, feels the pinch

COL. THE QUEEN OF JUGO-SLAVIA: Queen Marie—daughter of the Dowager Queen of Rumania — at a review of her own Calasari Regiment, which her brother, King Carol, also attended

WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

by

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

THE HEAD OF A DISUNITED GERMANY: President von Hindenburg, Chancellor Brüning and Herr Schiele leave the Reichstag. Despite the undoubted and proven patriotism of Germany, the country is split not only geographically but politically into a score or more divisions—each having aims conflicting with those of other parties. The old sense of the Reich, one and indivisible, went into oblivion with the Kaiser, after a mere fifty years of hard-won existence

PREJUDICE CONQUERED.—The visit of Germany's famous airship, *Graf Zeppelin*, to England last week by invitation marks the greatest step towards *rapprochement* between England and Germany since the War.

Memories of the Zeppelin raids over London have been the slowest to fade from the public mind. Just why those impressions should have been greater and more lasting than similar air raids over London by aeroplanes dropping bombs is difficult to say, unless it be the more spectacular and imposing appearance of the giant airships.

When in 1928, I, an Englishwoman, flew as the only woman aboard the *Graf Zeppelin* on her pioneer flight across the Atlantic, the prejudice against Zeppelins was still so strong that I was bitterly criticized by many of my British friends, and even received letters from strangers accusing me of a lack of national feeling. It was hardly any different in 1929, when again as the only woman on board I flew with the *Graf Zeppelin* on her historic round-the-world flight, once more securing prestige in that particular sphere of air-adventure for England. That Dr. Eckener's broadmindedness in accepting me for the privilege of being the first woman to fly across the Atlantic from East to West, and the first—to date still the only—to fly round the world meant that the honour belongs to England, conveyed nothing to the prejudiced.

Having flown the Atlantic three times, including across the Equator to Rio de Janeiro in the same airship, memories of marvellous flight experiences, and recollections of bitter futilities from some of my compatriots on the subject at the time, added enormously to my satisfaction at witnessing the turbulent welcome accorded to the *Graf* upon her arrival at Hanworth last week. Flying my Puss Moth aeroplane around the Zeppelin and over Hanworth I could see the thousands waiting to greet the graceful airship emerging like a silver bodkin from the grey tissue of evening clouds. Enthusiastic inadequately expresses the attitude of her British hosts who, breaking through the police cordon, mobbed the Zeppelin, jostled Dr. Eckener and Mr. Montague in their eagerness to welcome the German airship which was not only invited to visit our shores, but chartered at no small expense by members of an English Flying Club for a twenty-four-hour cruise round England. The whole visit, arrival, flight, and departure has offered interesting confirmation of the newest post-war *entente* between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

"THE WORDS ARE MANY—BUT THE WORD IS ONE."—With back against the wall, Britain is at her best. Great national crises and emergencies most quickly and decisively reveal those qualities in the British that have made Britain the leading nation in the world for so many generations. In war and in peace, we have had periods of apathy and indifference, a disposition to muddle along with almost childlike faith that somehow, sometime, we will pull through. But once the crisis becomes real, the emergency great, the peril imminent, there is a quick and wonderful response throughout the Empire. That is why we always *have* pulled through.

We are nearing the pinnacle of another great crisis—this time an economic and financial one. There are three-quarters of a million more people, wholly or partly unemployed in England than this time last year. We are confronted by a winter with an unprecedented number of workless, reduced revenue, diminishing buying power at home, decreased foreign trade abroad, and a bad financial situation.

In this crisis, now that all classes realize that we are facing serious difficulties, those splendid qualities traditional in British manhood and womanhood, are coming to the fore again. Patriotism is being placed above politics, nation and country above party. All the world accords us at least the one compliment, that a Briton is a Briton first, last, always.

To only one other nation attaches the same pride of race and nationality—that is France. Bull-dog tenacity grim determination, and whole-hearted national co-operation brought us through the War. The same qualities, and they are still in us, despite the outward appearance of lethargy and defeatism during recent months of depression, will pull us through again. The heavy hammer of adversity has ever welded us into a national unit. Common sense, broad view, realization of the community of interests, have in such times always rallied to the nation and Empire. I am convinced that they will do so again in the present emergency.

Different is it in Germany. With all their many splendid qualities, the one of placing patriotism above politics, nation above party, is not among them. I find few "Germans," but many Prussians, Saxons, Bavarians, Schwaben, Rhinelanders, Hanoverians, Silesians. These again are divided into Communists, Social-Democrats, Democrats, Radical Democrats, Centrists, Economists, Populists, Peasants, Bavarian Centrists, Nationalists, Conservatives, National Socialists, Steel Helmets, Red Front, Reichsbanner, and Patriotic Leagueists. There is also a "Godless" group. Religion, from the atheism of the Communists to the Catholicism of the Centrists, plays its rôle in dividing the nation.

The whole scale of un-national and national feeling or views, from the Russianism of the Communists, and extreme pacificism of Socialists and Democrats, to the over-emphasized nationalism of the Nationalists and National Socialists, or Hitlerites, plus the anti-Semiticism of the latter, thrives in Germany. The latest addition is the "Royal Socialist"—a Socialist Monarchical—party.

Each party has its own political views and aims, to which it adheres with doctrinaire stubbornness, often regardless of the interests of the country. This confusion of parties has discredited parliamentary government. The Government having no majority in the Reichstag, the Reichstag was persuaded to go home until October.

Chancellor Dr. Brüning is ruling Germany dictatorially, with the signature of President von Hindenburg to "Emergency Decrees." And the Germans seem to like it. Scores of newspapers have been suppressed under this dictatorial rule.

Germany's economic crisis is vastly greater than ours. Seven million unemployed is the estimate for the coming winter. The Germans have the fortitude, but not the unity to make the best of such a situation.

We have both.

RUSSIA UNCLARIFIED.—Lady Astor and George Bernard Shaw have done nothing to clarify the confusing picture we have of the Russia of to-day by their recent visit to that country. All they saw of the vast Empire of 140,000,000 people stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific, were two little dots—Moscow and Leningrad.

They were not looking for poverty. "We have that at home," Mr. Shaw is credited with saying. They were fêted and treated "like kings." Black bread, cabbage soup, caviare, and champagne. Mr. Shaw avers that it was good, and I agreed with him. But even the appetising prospect of that menu will not convert England to Soviet rule. Black bread and cabbage soup *are* good — when you are hungry, very hungry. Caviare and champagne are cheaper in London than in Moscow and easier to obtain.

Lady Astor "went on her knees" to M. Litvinoff, Foreign Minister, to plead for a Russian professor, we are told. "It was only a 'knix,' such as she probably makes at Court" a friend who was present writes to me. "It was embarrassing to Litvinoff. He had to tell her to appeal to the G.P.U., the powerful secret police of Russia."

"Why should I talk," said Mr. Shaw to journalists in Berlin. "Hearst pays me one dollar (four shillings) a word."

"Let's have a few dollars' worth," retorted one of the correspondents.

The visit to Moscow and Leningrad by Lady Astor and Mr. Shaw was world-wide publicity for them and for Russia. It has added nothing to our knowledge of that Russia. They bring us a superficial picture of glimpses of two cities, no more enlightening than if utter strangers to country, language and customs were to judge England and London by Piccadilly and Bond Street, by the Ritz and the Savoy Hotels.

It is doubtful whether Lady Astor and Mr. Shaw will convince many in England that Communism, as applied in Russia, is superior to our own system, faulty as that may be. I have never been "in" Russia, but I have been "over" it. I have flown across it non-stop, from the Baltic to the Pacific, with a broad path of vision on either side. I saw in places, men, women and children run into churches, and hide in the forests, appalled at the vision of our craft, terrified by its roaring motors as by some celestial monster.

German aviators, acting as instructors to the Soviet Air Force, have told me of forced landings in places where the isolated people had not heard that the Czar was dead. In one place, the people would not come near until the flyers had stripped off their goggles and helmets, as they did not believe them to be humans.

Russia has more unrevealed mysteries than Tibet.

THE FAR-FROM-EVIL CHINEE.—Chinese screen "villains" libel the Celestial nation. Dr. Kuangson Young, Chinese Consul-General in London, recently protested against films portraying Chinese as the sinister element in melodrama. "They do a gross injustice to our national character" Dr. Young declared.

The Chinese character is a result of vegetable diet. That is the opinion of Dr. H. Necheles, the German research physician, who recently completed a prolonged study of the effect of the almost vegetarian national diet upon the Chinese race.

Dr. Necheles found that the Chinese are almost as completely relaxed when awake as when they are asleep; that their traditional mysterious inscrutability, dominating self-control, and—on the films—"deadly" calm, is due to their lower blood pressure, and slower pulse resultant upon a diet composed of so little meat, so much rice and vegetables. Living in western countries, sharing the meat-diets of Occidentals, the German doctor found that Chinese acquired the same nervous tension, and many of the same characteristics as their western neighbours. In the same way, people from Europe and America living for any length of time in China, tend to take on the nervous structure common amongst the Chinese, lower blood pressure, slower pulse, relaxation, and the ability to take life easily.

"ATMOSPHERE": The crowd scenes in every moving picture are known by this euphemism—and it is a convention that actors and actresses playing in crowds always refer to the fact by this term—which is expressive in that the crowd does create the atmosphere of any particular incident

ENTR'ACTE: The most tiring thing any film actor or actress has to endure is the interminable hanging about between scenes. The exact position of furniture has to be marked; conferences are held between star and director; discussions take place—and the other players wait, and wait and wait

INSTRUCTION: Much of the donkey work of crowd production—the arrangement of detail which is never seen, but which in the mass, gives an effect (or fails to give it)—is done not by the director, but by the assistant director—in this case Mr. Herbert Smith. The producer is the strategist, the assistant the tactician

MANUFACTURED FRIVOLITY: A typical crowd scene effect. Several cameras may be employed at once on such, a scene as this and, later, in the "cutting-room," where sits the editor, various sections, taken by various cameras, are welded up into one coherent whole. Mobile cameras are also employed, to give smoothness to the finished product

THE STAFF: Producer, assistant producer, camera-man, "floor-girl," make-up man, and other officials behind the scenes

NEXT TO GODLINESS: A scene frequently used has to be sprayed with cellulose lest smudges suddenly appear on the screen

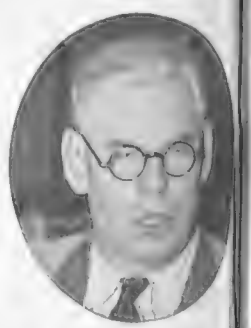
THE "ONCE-OVER": The camera-man, Mr. Alec Bryce, and the producer, Mr. Hayes Hunter, scan the set through the camera to see that everything is in focus and generally right before photographing

BROTHERS: Mr. Nigel Bruce, who plays a leading part, and Sir Michael Bruce, his brother, who is playing "Atmosphere," meet for a moment on the "floor"—as the studio is always termed

No one who merely goes into a cinema to pass an hour—or even to gaze upon the features of the idols of their worship—could possibly imagine the extraordinary procedure that occupies some dozens of people for some weeks or months in order to produce the entertainment that glides so smoothly, with such evanescence, with such seeming effortlessness across the screen. They little know—these patrons of the "two-and-fourpennies"—what has gone to the making of their entertainment; the meticulous notes of the assistant producer, the careful consideration of the floor-clerk, the nice judgment of the editor, the technical skill of the art director.

This series of pictures taken by the new Sashalite process shows actual "behind-the-screen" activities. In the vast studio is erected any desired "set" or scene—say, a ballroom. This is supervised by the art director, and no small portion of this official's task is to see that there are points suitable for the enaction of the drama required. If it be necessary, for example, for the hero to be bound to a pillar, a pillared ballroom must be designed; the art director has, furthermore, to think in terms of the camera and to create the set with a careful appreciation of the modern devices—mobile cameras that make their way through the scene recording different consequential or simultaneous incidents. Into this, angles—not only the angles of the various lenses, but the angles of artistic effect—have to be calculated. The furnishing of the set has to be harmonized with the costumes worn.

The sequence in which the actual scenes are taken bears no relation to the sequence in which they are shown on the screen. It is easier, for example, and most economical, to erect, say, a ballroom scene wherein several actions transpire at different times throughout the picture and "shoot" (or film) all those actions over a period of a day or two than to re-erect the scene each time it is needed. Many actors, again, are engaged by



THE PRODUCER: Mr. Hunter Hayes, one of the most brilliant directors the English screen has produced

THE ARTIST IN PAINT: "Jerry" Fairbanks, who is always called by his first name even by strangers, the make-up man, attends to Miss Edna Best's complexion

EVEN STARS MUST WAIT: Miss Edna Best and Miss Anne Grey while away an empty hour while plans and arrangements are made or, possibly, while sets are being built or corrected or finished

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE: Miss Edna Best chats over "Michael and Mary" with Mr. Victor Saville

BETWEEN THE SCENES: Mr. Nigel Bruce and Miss Anne Grey study the script of a forthcoming scene, while Miss Edna Best dips into a book for a few moments

THE AUTHOR COMES TO CALL: Mr. Edgar Wallace calls to see how things are going at Beaconsfield, to the delight of Mr. Hayes Hunter, Mr. Herbert Marshall, and Miss Edna Best. Mr. Wallace is an authority on talkies himself

"SILENCE!" Mr. Hayes Hunter, the director, gives a vital command before beginning to take a scene. The general chit-chat of the studio subsides to a hush lest some irrelevant or private remark be caught by the microphone. Inset above is a resident dressmaker fitting one of Miss Best's gowns by Norman Hartnell

MAKING A FILM

Special Intimate Pictures, taken by Sasha, of the Actual Production of the Famous Edgar Wallace Thriller, "The Calendar," made into a Talkie by Gainsborough British-Lion at the Beaconsfield Studios

the day—and it might be impossible to get the identical artist to fill the identical position required.

Once the set is up, and a crowd or "atmosphere" scene is to be taken, the assistant producer coaches each "super" in his or her actions with a view to harmonizing them all to produce the main effect required. None but the neophyte has to be warned not to look into the camera—if they do so a huge eye appears on the screen and the scene has to be "shot" again—but it is useless merely to say to a crowd, "Now dance"; their positions have to be arranged with an eye to artistic effect and the most attractive "supers" placed to advantage.

Then the producer takes a hand and rehearses the scene over and over again—as often as is necessary. The camera-man regards the rehearsal through his camera to see that no one gets out of the range of the instrument. Finally both camera-man and producer scan the set through the camera to be assured everything is in focus. When everything is in apple-pie order comes the command "Silence," and a hush falls lest some irrelevant word be caught by the microphone. Finally comes the command, again from the producer, "Turn 'em over"—in America, "Hit 'em"—and the great lights go on; the microphone is switched on and the scene is played. It may be necessary to "shoot" it any number of times to improve it or correct some oversight. The floor-clerk—usually a girl—sits behind the producer with the detailed script, and pounces on any sin of omission or commission.

Then the scene is developed, the producer and his staff see it projected on a private screen, and it goes into a pigeon-hole in the editor's cutting-room. Here the work of assembling the scenes in sequence goes on, and with the scissors superfluous shots are eliminated, faulty scenes are discarded, and the whittling down of, say, 250,000 ft., of film "shot" into the required 6,000 or 8,000 ft., is completed.

The infinite attention to detail—the care that must be taken lest an actor leaves a house in one suit to arrive at another, two scenes later, in a different garb; lest a make-up get smudged; lest a smudge suddenly appears as by magic on a door when a new action takes place in the same surroundings—for that is what it looks like—is the prime essential for the production of a faultless picture.

ONE OF THE STARS: Mr. Herbert Marshall, who is co-starring with his wife, Miss Edna Best, in "The Calendar"

TAKEN BY A MOBILE CAMERA: This scene was recorded by a camera mounted on a swivel which was itself mounted on a trolley with bogie wheels. This device enables unusual angles to be recorded and produces a far more natural and less "jumpy" sequence of scenes than a mere direct change of incident. It is also a very difficult type of production to achieve, everything and everyone having to be placed with meticulous precision

THE EDITOR: Mr. Bryan Wallace cuts and welds together the finished rolls of film

THE RECORDING TECHNICIAN: Mr. Harold King who, in lay parlance, is the sound expert

THE ART DIRECTOR: Miss Braham, the only woman Art Director in England or the U.S.A.

Old MONUMENTS *of the New* NORTH

Fascinating Relics of a Bygone Adventurous Age

By GEOFFREY D'EGVILLE

Some curious monuments lie strewn along the northern latitudes of Canada. They are the relics of the old forts which, in their heyday, played a leading part in the romance of this brooding northland.

Scattered across a three thousand-mile stretch of country, from Hudson's Bay to British Columbia, they have become, some of them, the foundation stones of flourishing settlements and potential cities, just as other forts and trading posts farther south developed into Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and Edmonton. Others, the great majority, lie there still, tumbled-down, dejected heaps of stones, silently testifying to the difficulties which confronted the early pioneers.

The completion of the Hudson's Bay railway to Fort Churchill and the impending inauguration of a new service of grain boats from the new Hudson's Bay port to European ports—a saving of 1,000 miles from the Canadian prairies — has focussed attention on this area.

The "New North" they call it, yet it is a country with an earlier and more thrilling history than that of many of the long-settled districts. It is now generally conceded that Cabot, in his second voyage of 1498, coasted as far north as the entrance to Hudson Strait. Subsequently, there was a series of thrilling expeditions by early English and French adventurers, mainly in search of the mythical North-West Passage to the Orient.

At the terminus of the new railway are some interesting ruins, Fort Prince of Wales, which was built in 1733–44, to replace Fort Churchill which dated from 1718. For its *raison d'être* we have to go farther back into history, however.

After Cabot, followed many notable voyages by Frobisher, Davis, and Weymouth in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Then came the voyage of discovery which led ultimately to the establishment of trading posts and forts throughout the north country, firstly as a protection against marauding tribes of hostile Indians, and secondly against raids by the French. It was in 1610 that Hudson sailed into the great bay in his little vessel, the *Discovery*.

In 1668 a vessel, the *Nonsuch*, sailed from England under the auspices of Prince Rupert to trade in furs, thus introducing a period of commercial occupation which brought about the formation of the ancestor of the present Hudson's Bay Company which for 200 years exercised a monopoly in these parts. The first post in the region—then known as Rupert's Land—was Fort Charles, later called Rupert's House. In quick succession followed Fort Nelson, Moose Factory, Forts Albany, Severn, Eastmain, and Churchill.

It was not until 1720, when Henley House was established 150 miles up the Albany River, that any venture was made inland, and in 1774 a venturous journey inland led to the building of Cumberland House north of the Saskatchewan River.

IN THE CHALK OF TIME: The record at Fort Churchill of an historic expedition

The forts on the shores of Hudson and James Bays were for a hundred years subject to intermittent attacks by the French. The outlook for British rule looked its blackest in 1697 when the fiery d'Iberville, in a spectacular raid, robbed the Hudson's Bay Company of all its posts but one, Fort Albany. They were restored, however, following the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

Distrust of the French led to the building of Fort Churchill in 1718, this in turn being replaced by Fort Prince of Wales in 1733–44—one of the most powerful forts in the whole of North America. It was a sad day in 1782 when Hearne, who had been the hero of the adventurous trip to establish Cumberland House, ignominiously surrendered the fort, without firing a shot, to the French admiral, La Pèrouse, who had turned up with a 72-gun man-o'-war. Fort Nelson also fell to the French admiral, both of which he demolished before sailing away. Fort Nelson was replaced by York Factory, but Fort Prince of Wales at Churchill remains as La Pèrouse left it.

It is curious to reflect that it was through the bay at Churchill came the first settlers 200 years ago into what is now the Province of Manitoba, yet only now are the prairie provinces first looking forward to shipping their staple product by this route.

Much exploration was done during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, hundreds, a thousand, two thousand miles west of Hudson's Bay, and we find the names of the early explorers and Hudson's Bay Company factors scattered across the country, where they have been given to rivers, lakes, bays, and islands or to forts and trading posts.

FORT PRINCE OF WALES: This, one of the most powerful forts in the whole of North America, has an inglorious history; for in 1782, Hearne, previously a hero, surrendered it to Admiral La Pèrouse, who attacked by sea, without firing a shot. It stands to-day as it was left 150 years ago by the victorious Frenchman. It may soon be merely the site of a grain elevator

FORT CHURCHILL: This was built as protection against French aggression in 1718, but was replaced 16 or 17 years after by Fort Prince of Wales. Through the Bay at Fort Churchill came the first settlers to Manitoba 200 years ago

The trading posts of the Athabaska, Slave, and Mackenzie rivers which I visited by air last year have changed little in the last hundred years, except that the title "Fort" is now one of courtesy only and has been dropped in official publications and maps. They now possess no more formidable fortifications than neat white wooden fences.

A thousand miles west of the old forts on Hudson's Bay one may stumble on the ruins of Fort Reliance, an interesting old relic of early expeditions into the north country. It was built on the eastern extremity of Great Slave Lake, on the fringe of the so-called Barren Lands, in 1833 by Sir George Back, the noted English explorer, who was second in command of the ill-fated Franklin expedition in search of the North-West Passage.

Back wintered here during 1833, '34, and '35. After making an extensive exploration through the heart of unknown country he passed through the eastern arm of Great Slave Lake, the series of lakes to the north and east, and down a river now known as Back river, to the Arctic Ocean.

After close on a century the chimneys are still standing despite the rigours of the climate.

Again a thousand miles or so west, across the mountains in British Columbia, are many old posts. Perhaps the most historic is old Fort St. James at Stuart Lake, just north of the railway line to Prince Rupert. This was established in 1805 by Sir James Douglas as a North-West Company (now Hudson's Bay Company) trading post. It may be said to have been at that time the capital of all the west.

Still standing are the old log cabin in which the factor was married and lived for many years, and the old log house which served as a storeroom and fortress.

Many of the names across that vast stretch from Hudson's Bay to beyond the Rockies bear names with a ring in them, such as Fort Reliance, Fort Resolution, Fort Providence, Fort Good Hope, Fort Enterprise, and Fort Confidence. Others, both on and off the main waterways, bear the names of their founders, such as Forts Franklin, Simpson, and Rae.

Some of these are merely ruins. One comes on them suddenly after days of travel by canoe or on foot, by the mouths of rivers, on the side of a lake, or on the Arctic shoreline. Scattered far and wide, they remain as monuments to the exploits of adventurers of a bygone age in the "New North."

FORT ST. JAMES: Set on Stuart Lake, this is the most historic of the old "Forts." It was established in 1805 by Sir James Douglas as a Trading Post, and was at that time the capital of the West

SPORT *of the* MOORS

Norfolk, the Midlands, Yorkshire, and Scotland are now all in the Throes of the Shooting Season

THE NEW CAREER FOR WOMEN: A quartette of pretty girls from Angus, who are hiking on the moors of Glen Ogil, drive grouse for Sir Charles Nall Cain's shooting party

Above—IN A NEW RÔLE: A draught horse used as a pannier carrier. One does not have to go far afield to see primitive culture; in Scotia's moors there is ever visible the conflict of the old and the new—where the old often holds its own. In the panniers, of course, is game

SPOILS OF THE DAY: The panniers loaded on to the heavy horse may contain anything from fur to feathers. Soon the main sporting interest will veer from grouse to deer and the crack of rifles will mingle with the bang of shot guns

THE BAG: Since the "Glorious Twelfth," grouse shooting has been in full swing in Norfolk, the Midlands, Yorkshire, and Scotland, and, while no record bags have been recorded, good sport has, in general, been enjoyed. The picture below shows birds brought down by Mr. A. J. Turner's party on the Edale Moors, Derbyshire

"TAKE A CHANCE"

The latest laughter-making vehicle (reviewed here by Mr. Philip Page last week) contrived by Mr. Walter Hackett to convey across the footlights the personality of his wife, Miss Marion Lorne, is a great success at the Whitehall Theatre

THE GOD (CUPID) IN THE MACHINE: Mr. Ian Hunter and Miss Barbara Hoffe, who provide the love interest in Take a Chance

Below—

"THE COME-ALONG GRIP": P.C. Tugday (Mr. Antony Holles) brings along "Ally Pally" (Mr. Hugh Wakefield)

"A HAT ON ANY OTHER HEAD" . . . : Mr. Hugh Wakefield as Alastair Pallavant, Mr. Antony Holles as P.C. Tugday, and Mr. F. H. Moon as the Sergeant in a slight mix-up

TO BE "GLUED" TO HIS CHAIR: Miss Marion Lorne, as Wilhelmina Ryde, commonly known as "Bill" in the latest vehicle constructed by her husband, Mr. Walter Hackett. This is a "priceless" farce-comedy, Take a Chance, *at the Whitehall*

On left—

WHERE BLACK IS RED: "Ally Fally," a contraction of Alastair Pallavant (Mr. Hugh Wakefield), is lured into a gambling game by "Bill" (Miss Marion Lorne) and believes that, for the first time in his life, he has won a bet—but he hasn't!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Waltzes from Vienna."

The number of people who prefer waltzes from Vienna to jazz tunes from New York appears to be on the increase, which is all the better for Sir Oswald Stoll's new venture at the Alhambra. *Waltzes from Vienna*, which sometimes makes Vienna seem a deuce of a way off, is a sort of *Lilac Time* with frills on, and very expensive frills, too. Todgers—in this case the House of Stoll—can do it well when it chooses, and having chosen to be lavish at the Coliseum (with the pleasant result that it has found lavishness to be a paying proposition) it has been more lavish still at the sort of chapel-of-ease the Alhambra has now become.

What those revolving stages, sliding stages, rising-and-falling stages must have cost, Heaven only knows. As I am sufficiently out of touch with *le mouvement* to be quite indifferent as to what stages *do*, and to prefer to focus my attention on what happens *on* them, this expenditure on mechanics (except the mechanics of lighting) leaves me quite cold. A score of revolving stages, revolving simultaneously and studied with diamonds, would not make *Waltzes from Vienna* a good play. It is an extremely bad play—poorly constructed, banal, unfunny, and without a single really dramatic moment.

But it is an attractive entertainment, mainly owing to the efforts not of revolving stages but of two deceased gentlemen whom America would call Johann Strauss I and Johann Strauss II. *Die Fledermaus* at Covent Garden showed in what direction the public taste in musical shows is veering. That has a silly enough story, though a better one than that of *Waltzes from Vienna*; but the Strauss music triumphed without the aid of either mechanics, a bottomless purse, or the efforts of the undoubtedly-gifted Mr. Hassard Short. Sir Oswald was, therefore, virtually backing a certainty in this feast of the most voluptuously attractive light music in the world, plus all those tricks and adornments which have made *White Horse Inn* a vastly popular affair. There is, in short, very little constructive ability in this production, though a good deal of credit is due to those who have been shrewd enough to select a production of this type and to go "all out" on it.

The story concerns the love of Johann Strauss, jun., owl-like, for the baker's daughter. Whether the baker's daughter loved Johann Strauss, jun., I could not make out, since Miss Evelyn Herbert, the American leading lady, has only rudimentary notions of acting and took refuge throughout in an impossible winsomeness which successfully concealed any indications of where the preference of the character she was representing may have been placed. She seemed eventually to acquiesce cheerfully enough in the embraces of her previously unsuccessful suitor. Young Johann had preferred his music. And so did I. Miss Herbert sings well enough. But we wanted rather more than that.

Mr. Robert Halliday, a Scots baritone who has been a big success in America, has a nice voice and a pleasant personality. He was, however, in trouble with his dialogue, and in, as I suspect, an endeavour to conceal either a Scots or an American accent he adopted one of mincing refinement which belonged to no nation, though it has been heard in Ealing. Mr. Halliday is a success none the less, and need not worry overmuch, not even over the fact that Mr. Dennis Noble, in a subsidiary part, could obviously sing him clean off the stage and out into the gardens of Leicester Square. Mr. Noble has far too little to do; but on the first night he succeeded in triumphantly getting in at the death with the top note in the National Anthem. Mr. C. V. France played the elder Strauss with the same impressive dignity that he showed not long ago as the elder Duval; and Miss Marie Burke, who knows how to make the most of every second of every scene in which she appears, lent a gracious presence and a lovely voice to the part of a Russian countess. I did not envy Mr. Davy Burnaby, Mr. Robert Nainby, and Mr. Ambrose Manning their uphill job of making *Waltzes from Vienna* funny. Invariably have I laughed immoderately at Mr. Burnaby when he puts on a straw hat and plays a cornet. He should do this without delay—and damn the anachronism. Mr. Nainby was *staccato* and broken-English; he is an old and welcome friend and I would not have him otherwise. In making something out of nothing Mr. Ambrose Manning showed sheer genius.

The Strauss music has been pieced together with great skill, and Mr. Wilfrid Hayden, the conductor, though I thought some of his *tempi* on the slow side, performed his responsible job in accomplished fashion. It was tantalizing to hear but a hint of the *Fledermaus* waltz; I would suggest far more of this and far less of an almost interminable Set of Lancers which not even Miss Doris Zinkeisen's lovely costumes could redeem from boredom.

The dancing of Mlle Danilova and the *corps de ballet* brought back memories of the Alhambra of my extreme youth. Mr. Hassard Short's production was the last word in artistic excellence until, with glaring vulgarity, the orchestra was shot up like a cinema organist, and the stage was invaded by a row of young ladies wearing tights and helmets, in the accepted style of provincial pantomime. But this will not imperil the success of *Waltzes from Vienna*. Indeed, it is likely to consolidate it.

"The Case of the Frightened Lady."

Mr. Edgar Wallace is one of the very few dramatists who do not make murder and mystery boring. That is largely because he is not squeamish about either and is not too timid to go "all out" for both. Whatever the merits or defects of his new play at Wyndham's, *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, here is assuredly no case of a frightened author. Who was killed by whom? Never mind how often the problem has been set (Mr. Wallace has never set any other), it is only necessary to throw your whole heart and skill into it and to throw in at the same time a sufficiently realistic atmosphere of Scotland Yard, and the trick is done. It is not an easy trick. I admire Mr. Wallace for many reasons, two being the perfect mastery he displays of the medium he has chosen and the way he avoids all considerations of psychology or any other sort of ology in all he undertakes. He sets out to tell a good story, and almost invariably does he reach his destination. The only sauce he allows for his dishes of crime is the important sauce of humour.

The Case of the Frightened Lady is extremely good second-best Edgar Wallace; that is to say, it is better than the work of other purveyors of thrillers at their very best. I am grateful to the author for providing me with an evening's relaxation which served as a tonic at the same time, Mr. Gordon Harker, as an amusing detective, being an integral part of the tonic. I am still more grateful for having been relieved of the duty of explaining the plot and of telling you why Lord Lebanon was such a "wee, cow'rin', timorous beastie" in his own house, and for what reason two juicily sinister murders took place there. Not that I do not know. But Mr. Wallace is one of those accommodating people who evolve the type of plot which, "for the sake of the enjoyment of future patrons, etc., etc.," it is not advisable to recount in detail. Which saves the critic a deal of trouble.

Among the many reasons I can give for visiting this play I include, in addition to the afore-mentioned Mr. Harker, the performances of Mr. Emlyn Williams as the terrified Lord Lebanon (how a British peer came to have such a title, unless he had made a fortune out of cedar-wood pencils, Heaven and Mr. Wallace alone know), of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, of Miss Joyce Kennedy, and of Mr. Cronin-Wilson. The two footmen, spotted at once as being nothing of the sort, add to the fun and thrill of things. If Mr. Wallace could himself appear every night and at matinées and repeat the performance he gave at the *première*, *The Case of the Frightened Lady* would run a couple of years at least.

RECONCILIATION: Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Isabel Jeans in Counsel's Opinion, *a delightful comedy of sophistication written by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, Miss Jeans' husband, produced this week at the Strand Theatre*

"The God of Gods."

The Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, where so many admirable plays have been produced, is open again after a rather long period of closure. It has been redecorated, it has a licence for alcoholic refreshment, and the odour of coffee—that invariable and slightly depressing concomitant of the Drama of Ideas—has been banished. Not only can reasonable drink be obtained there, but food as well. For this is the only theatre in London—except Covent Garden in "Ring" time—where one can dine before seeing the play, or, if one does not like the play, at any time in the course of it.

The God of Gods, by Carroll Aikins, is not a masterpiece, but it is too full of merit to prove an asset to the restaurant. That it is about Red Indians is rather against it. I do not like Red Indians on the stage, not even in *Peter Pan*, where, fortunately, they do not talk. They should be saved for *Hiawatha* at the Albert Hall. In *The God of Gods* they talk and talk and talk. The piece would double or treble its chance of success if the words allotted to a maiden named Suiva and to her lover, Yellow Snake, were to be cut down to a half or a third. This couple chatter interminably in a semi-poetical strain, and never use one word if they can possibly use a dozen instead. Why, for instance, must Suiva say "Ten times the counted fingers of both hands" when she means a hundred?

My knowledge of Red Indians is limited to seeing a few, in European clothes and looking decidedly seedy, in a small town in Canada. But I can confidently offer Mr. Aikins my scalp if any of them ever talked like that. Later on, this story of a girl, who was made a priestess because she would not marry the unattractive son of the great chief improved considerably. It has some telling situations, and at times an amusing touch in spite of its tragedy. Miss Dorothy Barnes was obviously a very nice girl from some decent English school, and many miles removed from squaws and wigwams and all that sort of thing; but she has promise as an actress, and one can, at any rate, hear what she says. Mr. Martin Walker, equally modern, cleverly showed a sense of character in what, at one moment, was very welcome comic relief. Miss Marie Ault, adept at elderly Chinese women, has changed her continent.

"Black Magic."

Black Magic at the Royalty is a first play. Miss Nesta Sawyer must, and I think will, write several better plays than this one. She has a sense of the stage and of character, and her first act is really very good indeed. But her subject—mesmerism—has been too much for her, and I could not for an instance believe in that all-powerful and Svengali-like doctor, even when played in all-powerful fashion by Mr. Franklin Dyall, and the play tailed off rather unconvincingly. But there is the making of a dramatist in Miss Sawyer and she will doubtless profit by this experience.

The VINTAGE of "SIXTY-THREE"

A Charming Autobiography and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

I have to confess that the name Graham Robertson awakened in my mind only the dimmest memories. Was he an actor, an author, an artist, or a society *flâneur?* I now discover from his book that he has been, in turn, all these, but what really surprises me is that a man with so singular a career, touching distinction at so many points, with a personality of exceptional charm—he must have had that to make his memories so rich in distinguished friendship—should have missed the tide of fame and have remained comparatively obscure. Think of it! He has been the close friend of Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, both of whom loved him; he has known, on terms of intimacy, Whistler, Burne-Jones, Walter Crane, Sargent, and Henry James; he has produced plays and written a most successful one, *Pinkie and the Fairies*; he has painted portraits which, if not of the first order, merit respect. All these gifts seem inferior, however, to his own personality, as revealed in this most engaging confession, *Time Was* (Hamish Hamilton. 15s. net), which is full of new anecdotes of the giants of the 'nineties. It is written with a wit and a verve that place it among the best examples of how to write one's reminiscences, and is as sane and kindly as it is discerning and frank. At the age of twenty-six Mr. Robertson was painted by Sargent, and came as near to fame as he ever was. The portrait was that of a pensive young man, in an exaggerated overcoat, with a frail hand on one hip, a thoughtful brow, an absurdly boyish, immature face, and a dog. The portrait created a sensation.

It is still a sensational portrait, as reproduced here in the front of this book. It was in 1894 that the portrait was exhibited, and Mr. Robertson "blossomed into a notable personage" as he humorously tells us. He is now sixty-three. A survivor of a great period, he can only look back and remember. After reading this engrossing book I am thankful for his astonishing memory, his wit, his delightful style and unfailing good sense. There is not a stale anecdote in the book, and there are many quite new and surprising revelations. He was fortunate enough to know the leading figures in the world of the stage and of art, and one cannot finish this book without the conviction that his famous friends received as much as they gave. And what a sense of restraint he has shown. At thirty he was asked by a publisher to write his reminiscences, as already he had collected around him so many distinguished people. He declined, and he has waited over thirty years before fulfilling the publisher's suggestion.

He was fortunate, of course. He appears to have been born in circumstances that provided him with freedom and the opportunity to lead the life he wanted and to meet the people he delighted in. His mother's house was a centre of hospitality. She had attraction. The grandmother had captivated Coleridge, who had found her crying, a small girl, on Highgate Heath. Those were the days when Upper Clapton, with its meadows sloping down to the Wye, was a rural retreat. Mr. Robertson's own mother had met Charles Dickens and disliked him, for he wore a waistcoat of spun glass and shone like all the rainbows of Heaven. James Nasmyth was a frequent visitor to the house and captured the boy's imagination. The young Robertson became a pupil of Albert Moore during a lull from Eton owing to smallpox. He was thus taken into the very centre of the most distinguished art circles. It was an age of beautiful women. At the theatre Ellen Terry had held him breathless. One morning in the Park he was told to run in the direction of the crowd. Lily Langtry was talking to a friend. The Jersey Lily was at the height of her fame; the Langtry vogue ran into bonnets and shoes. Oscar Wilde complained that she was tiresome.

"I assure her that she owes it to herself and to us to drive daily through the Park, dressed entirely in black, in a black victoria drawn by black horses, and with *Venus Annodomini* emblazoned on her black bonnet in dull sapphires. But she won't." Entrance into the Rossetti circle brought other lovely women into his ken. There was Mrs. William Morris. "She required to be seen to be believed, and even then she seemed dreamlike." She was one of the five that created the Rossetti face. There was Mary Anderson, "just then the idol of London and drawing crowds to gaze upon her as Galatea, the living statue." Then, one morning in the apartment of that exotic French poet, Robert de Montesquiou, young Robertson came upon a tiny photograph in a black frame of a girl in her coffin. He asked who the dead girl was. "She isn't dead," replied the poet. "That is Sarah Bernhardt." The poet gave him a note of introduction, and a long and intimate friendship began. It is a little difficult to assess the degree of adoration he paid to two women, the foremost actresses of the age. It is noteworthy that Mr. Robertson succeeded in holding the lifelong friendship of both Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt, so dissimilar in their temperaments. Was Sarah Bernhardt beautiful? asks Mr. Robertson. "Beauty with her was a garment which she could put on or off as she pleased. When she let it fall from her she was a small woman with very delicate features, thin lips, a small, beautifully-modelled nose, hooded eyes of grey-green shadowed by a fleece of red-gold hair, strong, slender hands, and a manner full of nervous energy. But when she would appear beautiful, none of these details was to be perceived; her face became a lamp through which glowed pale light, her hair burned like an aureole, she grew tall and stately; it was transfiguration."

He narrates how the quality of that famous *voix d'or* was such, low and soft, that it was heard by the stage-door keeper. "Rum, ain't it!" he commented, in admiration.

It is the custom now to write charming things of Oscar Wilde. Mr. Robertson contributes another portrait to the arresting gallery. "It has been interesting to me to note how, in the years that have passed since his death, the memory of the real Oscar Wilde has faded and has been replaced by a strange simulacrum, half invented by the curious, half dictated by the man himself." He should be remembered, asserts Mr. Robertson, for his humour, his almost child-like love of fun, the irresponsible gaiety and lightness of touch in which lay his unquestioned charm. For Ellen Terry the author can hardly find language adequate to her charm and genius. He presents the fullest and the most human portrait of this actress. There is revealed her passion for all manner of rustic retreats. One of these which she acquired was the Audrey Arms. She was obliged by her lease to keep the business going and became famous for her long "swipes."

"The perfect simplicity of Ellen Terry's life and mind was in curious contrast to the exotic complexities of her great sister artist, Sarah Bernhardt, but I noticed that, in their relations to each other, while Sarah knew little or nothing about Ellen, Ellen understood Sarah completely and, as a natural result, liked her greatly."

Mr. Robertson was one of the few who never found Whistler difficult. By an extraordinary occasion of luck he had picked up some Whistler belongings at a sale, and this began a friendship between the two men. It is a sad story that he tells of Whistler's unsuccessful solicitation of Disraeli as one of his sitters. Seeing the statesman in St. James's Park, he went up to him and made his request. The Sphinx remained silent throughout, then, after an icy pause, murmured, "Go away, go away, little man!" The loss, as the bad manners, was certainly Disraeli's. "Whistler went, and with him the great poseur's chance of immortality on canvas. He shortly afterwards graciously assented to sit to Millais, who produced nothing in particular to everybody's entire satisfaction."

It is difficult to refrain from quoting Mr. Robertson. He is so fresh and companionable in his anecdotage. And there are so many Robertsons: the designer, the producer, the portrait painter, the friend of famous women, the dilettante, the playwright, and by no means negligible, the passionate lover of dogs, who have here an honoured place in his book. This is a vintage of "sixty-three" mellow with experience, rich with opportunity, and with a bouquet of wit and kindness perfectly blended.

W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON: The famous Sargent portrait of 1893 of the subject of the charming biography reviewed on this page

Mr. Gordon Craig has reached a time in his affairs when he is conceded to be a man of genius. One of his disciples, Miss Enid Rose, in her book, *Gordon Craig and the Theatre* (Sampson, Low, Marston and Co. 12s. 6d.), has tried to dispel the conviction that he is a genius of failure. I do not feel that she has succeeded. I have never been able to understand just what creed Mr. Gordon Craig has evolved, and whenever he has been invited to reveal his faith he has found some good reason for rejecting his opportunity. In the detailed account of his growth as a stage designer and a prophet of the new theatre which Miss Rose so admiringly presents, the fanatic, the obstreperous theorist disappears. Mr. Craig is presented as the very embodiment of reason and patience. Again and again she evades, as Mr. Craig evaded, the opportunities that have arisen in his career. The gospel as set forth in this book remains cloudy. What it is Mr. Craig wants to do in the theatre is never quite clear. And yet here is a strange power, a restless passion for reform, a many-sided equipment as artist and scholar, an obstinacy and purity of purpose that command respect. He has starved for his beliefs, gone into spectacular and not wholly congenial exile. I vividly recall the charm and fascination of the man when, one hot summer's afternoon in Rapallo, I crossed over to his house from his neighbour's, Max Beerbohm's, to visit him. His fortunes were then at low ebb. The war had wrecked his school of the theatre in Florence, and there had been no compensation for the heavy financial loss. He continued to upbraid, to thunder, to cajole through an obscure magazine, printed under unimaginable difficulties. There was something Titanic in the heroism of this man. He has deeply influenced the theatre, but it has been left to more practical and accommodating minds to apply his theories. His own failure is due, I think, to the fact that in this world he has never learned the lesson of compromise, that all great men of original capacity have revealed their greatness in their ability to adapt circumstance to their ends, and not to defy it. As a force in the theatre, he is not spent, but as a force he remains unbridled, indifferent to economic facts and to the psychology of those who work in the theatre. Here is Prometheus, bound by his own uncompromising spirit. Miss Rose supplies some interesting biographical facts; she contrives to convey some of the charm of Ellen Terry's famous son, but as an "interpretation" her book wholly fails. The fact is, Gordon Craig defies interpretation. His life is a record of noble striving towards an undefined goal. Perhaps the definition will yet come.

Miss Sylvia Norman's novel, *Cat Without Substance* (Peter Davis. 7s. 6d.), is a story in the newest manner, that is, it is written in a spirit of absolute sophistication and of complete indifference to the reader's comfort. Her very vital, erratic young people are terrified of anything conventional, just as the novelist herself, in desperate search of originality, defies all the canons of literary form. It is a great pity, for Miss Norman has an intellect of unusual range. Unhappily, her characters have no emotions. They are propelled by the violence of her own will upon them, rarely by the natural impulses that should arise in them. It is useless to give us a definition of a kiss in chemical terms. It burlesques human nature. "The whole process was so unhygienic. The saliva is composed of water, mucin, salts and the enzyme ptyalin." And what purpose, save intense irritation, is achieved by the ruthless smashing of the unities in the passage, pp. 74-80, in which the narrative and dialogue, without any warning or reasonable continuity, jumps between Hampstead and Venice, with fewer clues than those of a respectable crossword puzzle? And this picture of Venice! How utterly false it really is with its desperate determination to mar its beauty, to deride its romance and to obtrude its smells. There are memorable and beautiful passages when Miss Norman cares. Her picture of a flesh-dominated, degenerated Italian is admirable.

I can never resist a book on Nelson. Perhaps the fact that an ancestor of mine married the daughter of Nelson's secretary, killed on the *Victory* at Trafalgar, began the weakness. I groaned when I saw Mr. Clennell Wilkinson's *Nelson* (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), but as I began to read I became aware of one of the best biographies of this difficult character I have ever read. The Nelson of tradition and the Nelson of real life make a striking contrast. Wayward, vain, boisterous, with a touch of effeminacy, it is not surprising the Duke of Wellington disliked him. One of the cleverest things in this book is Mr. Wilkinson's parallel study of two men. Recently there appeared a work suggesting that Nelson deliberately courted death at Trafalgar. He was out for glory, a burial in Westminster Abbey, as he put it, and his domestic tangle was beyond hope. The theory has great probability. But is Mr. Wilkinson correct in saying that the marines of the *Victory* cleared the *Redoubtable's* mizzentop, where the sharpshooters responsible for Nelson's death were hidden? Many years later a French sailor made a confession that he had picked out Nelson, a very visible target with his decorations, and had shot him. Mr. Wilkinson's very readable book reveals a thorough understanding of the contradictory and un-English elements in our hero's character.

Where the TRICORNS *Cease from Troubling and the* BOWLERS *Bowl no More!*

"SHE THAT HATH BREATH TO BLOW . . . !" A charming Dutch girl in the characteristic Middelburg costume with its short sleeves "blows her own trumpet" to some purpose!

HALOED WITH WHITE: A wagon-load of girls and children bound for the market at Middelburg—the famous Dutch town which holds its market every Thursday. The majority of its habituées wear the national dress which lend it a charm all its own

THE STYLE ANTIQUE OF NORTHERN GERMANY: While certain sections of the country discard all their artistic roots in madder and wilder schemes of design, the peasantry clings tightly—and rightly—to its old-style dresses and its traditional pursuits—to wit, church-going on the Sabbath

THE ANTITHESIS OF THE CLOCHE: A flower vendor of Funchal, Madeira, with a basket of fragrance on her head and lilies in her hand

ANACHRONISM: A beauty of the Spreewald, 20 miles from Berlin, in her picturesque native garb. The gigantic hat may be covered by an equally gigantic umbrella

While the women of London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, and those that follow more or less close in their wake, are concerned exclusively with the rival claims of tricorn and the bowler—the burning question of the hour—there are huge areas even of civilized and Occidental land where they are not even considered. In the peasantries—Catholic and Protestant, but more especially Catholic—the ancient and traditional costumes still reign undisputed in women's hearts. And who shall say that these are not more decorative—even more beautiful?

WONDERFUL *Things in a* WONDERFUL *World*

A Quintette of Oddity

THE PRIESTLY SCHOOL OF CAMBODIA; A Buddhist educational establishment in the vast enclosure of the Angkor Wat, the ancient religious capital of Cambodia, Indo-China. The grounds of the ancient temple, with its scores of subsidiary buildings, cover no less than 11 square miles. The old teacher, seated in a chair, brought his class outside owing to the terrific sultriness of the weather. All these Cambodian boys are studying for the priesthood. Angkor Thom, the city, was enclosed by walls 30 ft. high, portions of which are still extant. Angkor Wat, originally a Brahmin and later a Buddhist temple, is one of the finest examples of Khmer architecture; standing in a moated park, it is ascribed to the early twelfth century

A HERMIT OF THE EAST: This Buddhist anchorite has lived in complete solitude for forty-seven years in a cave above a monastery near the summit of a mountain west of Peking (Peiping). The Buddhist faith, with its ideal of tranquillity and its aspirations of asceticism, is productive of many such practices. The flagellation, lying on nails, and other violent methods of gaining merit associated with the East are rather Brahminical than Buddhist activities. Buddhist piety specializes upon remote contemplation

THE LAND OF BIKES AND DIKES: But for some sections in the east and the south Holland is a very flat country, and that is the reason why the bicycle is the main means of transportation. Old and young, rich and poor, beau and belle, they all use it, day in, day out, rain or shine. A leading journalist remarked that the Dutch are born on a bike, they cycle spooning or spoon cycling, die on their bikes. All the classes of the community use this contrivance, the parson to visit his parishioners, the doctor to see his patients, the postman to deliver his letters, the labourer to reach his union, the typist her office. Even Ministers of the Crown move about on two wheels only. A special company has been formed which provides sheds for these bikes left at the station, and charges 2d. a day to store them there; this company is doing very well; curiously enough the promoters of this scheme are retired naval officers; they started during the War, and their sheds are springing up all over the country like mushrooms. In 1900 there were just about 100,000 bicycles in Holland; in 1910, 500,000; in 1920, 1,500,000, and now there are 2,500,000 on a population of about 7,000,000. During the holiday seasons, especially in summer, on special Sundays such as Easter, Whitsun, or "Bulb Sunday" when the tulips are at their best, thousands and thousands of cyclists flock on their bikes to the bulb fields. In most of the trains cycles are accommodated in the guard's van; rail passengers and excursionists avail themselves of this opportunity and, at their destination, collect them and proceed on their trip, peddling along

THE CRADLE OF THE INCA CIVILIZATION: Machu Picchu, a fantastic city built 2,000 years ago in the heights of the Andes 7,000 ft. above sea level. The ruins show the city to have been built in white granite and to have held in it temples, palaces, shrines, and even baths. These are kept free of the all-conquering rank, jungle growth. It was first discovered by Professor Bingham of Yale in 1912. So fertile is the soil, so heavy the rainfall that bamboo will grow 5 ft. high in eight weeks. One of the reasons why the Indians built the city so high—the precipice leading up from the grand cañon of the Urubamba is 2,000 ft.—was a desire for safety. The later Incas were pacifistic rulers—which accounted for the fact that, despite their natural military advantages of position, they fell so easy a prey to the conquistadores of Spain

A TURBANED WOMAN OF THE PAMIRS: The Kirghiz are spread in groups through the Russian and Chinese Pamirs and other ranges, a pleasant, hospitable, semi-nomadic people, wandering up and down the great mountains from pasturage to pasturage, according to season. Among them it is the woman and not the man who wears the turban as a head-dress. They do not veil, are quite fair, with high cheek bones; and, in their quaint garb, might almost appear to have stepped out of some Scandinavian village. The peculiar turbans are of snow-white calico, tightly wound round the head and flat at the top. Better-class women have a slightly different arrangement of this head-dress. When dressed up to do party honours, or for some festival such as a wedding, the women folk make a very gay spectacle. The Aq-ois, or felt tents, are richly hung with red and blue strips of carpet

BRITAIN'S RACING VICTORIES *in* CAR *and on* FOOT.

"*THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO BE* BEATEN *SALUTE THEE*": *The Italian athletic team salutes in Fascist fashion the English team (led by Lord Burghley and Lieut. Rampling) at Stamford Bridge. The contest was a victory for England*

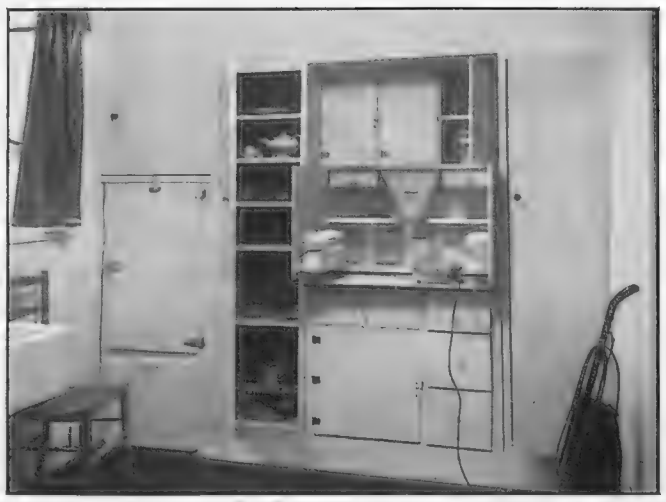
BRITAIN WINS IN IRELAND: Mr. Norman Black, the British racing driver, in the M.G. Midget in which he won the Ulster T.T. Race with an average of 67.9 m.p.h.

A SURPRISE VICTORY: Facelli (Italy) congratulated on his performance in winning the 440-yard hurdles from Lord Burghley and equalling the native record. Inset on left—*ENGLAND WINS THE QUARTER: Lieut. G. L. Rampling breasts the tape in the Anglo-Italian contest*

TIMING: Lady Ashley, Mrs. Fane, and Mr. Fane time Sir H. R. S. Birkin, who established a lap record in the Ulster T.T. of over 80 m.p.h.—on tortuous country roads. This was subsequently beaten by the Alfa-Romeo team. The placing was England I and III [M.G. Midgets (supercharged)]; II, Italy [Alfa-Romeo (Borzacchini)]. The Italian average speed was 7 m.p.h. faster than the fastest single lap until this year

A RECORD CLOSE FINISH: Patience *overhauls* Highland Light *which lost the wind almost at the finishing point of the Cowes to the Fastnet and Plymouth yacht race.* Highland Light *can be seen to be in difficulties. It was a remarkable race, the two yachts keeping neck to neck for 500 miles*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN



THE KITCHEN WALL: This, with cabinet and refrigerator, is a fitting in itself

THE £500 A YEAR FLAT:

Described by JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

It is not at all unusual for the young professional woman between twenty-five and thirty-five to earn an income that is round about the five-hundred-a-year mark; and, unmarried, she is determined to have a really nice home of her own in which she can live a civilized social life on the income that she has, and yet still retain a sufficient margin for extra wants.

For the practical consideration of the subject we will assume that the woman in question works hard five days a week to earn this income—whether it be as a barrister, doctor, architect, or in any one of the innumerable professions open to her. This being the case she will have need of someone, or some*thing*, to do the major portion of the work of her home for her. At the same time, assuming that she has no extra income and also must save a certain amount, she must cut her expenses to a minimum if she is to have freedom from anxiety and a little extra for outside interests, whether they be motoring, flying, winter sports, or stamp collecting.

It must not be forgotten also that she will probably want to save, and about £50 to £70 a year should go to this—either in investment or insurance.

The old halcyon days when rent really was but 10 per cent. of one's available income are gone—and for good! The professional woman, to secure a flat that suits her, will have to pay anything from £70 to £120 or more a year—that is not to say she cannot get one for less; she can, but generally without the essentials for making her life a pleasant and an efficient one.

One of the best designs for the bachelor woman's flat has been produced by a woman, Miss Moseley, A.R.I.B.A., who has worked out the costs with the help of a quantity surveyor, and has achieved an effective and delightful design, replete with sensible labour-saving devices and modern in every detail, which could be let at an economic rental of approximately some £120 a year.

It was proposed that this "ideal" home should be one of a small block; the accommodation was to be: an entrance hall leading directly into a vestibule, out of this a bathroom, within it a separated lavatory, and directly through the bathroom a tiled kitchen with a hatch-way to the dining recess which itself is part of the large living-room.

THE ALL ELECTRIC DINING-TABLE: A recess also including a Stokes cooker and settee seat

THE BALCONY: The tiling is of black asbestos. Beyond is a curtained bedroom door

AN ELECTRIC ROOM: The false ceiling conceals lighting and the fire is surrounded by black glass

The bachelor woman with her hundred or so a year rent, fifty or so savings, and another fifty or so a year on her inevitable and quite necessary car, will not have money to spare for a maid, except possibly the once or twice a week char; therefore, if her life is to be tolerable, she must have all the help science and modernity can give her from the moment she wakes to her early tea or orange-juice to that other moment, equally if not more important, when she comes home about 6.30 p.m. and is faced with the need for eating or entertaining when her energies are at a low ebb or entirely used up.

Therefore, in the design of the ideal flat, Miss Moseley had and used all the knowledge and experience of the Electrical Association for Women at her disposal. In brief, the design included every possible type of built-in furnishing and every electrical gadget that can be economically used in a very small household. The dining recess, for instance, was fitted with electrical toasters, coffee percolator, table cooker, egg boiler, and electric kettle; in the kitchen both cooker and refrigerator were electrical, and the water heat controlled by a thermostat. Panel heating was introduced where possible, and a Ferranti fire set in black glass in the living-room solved the troublesome problem of laying, lighting, and clearing fires, while the bathroom heater threw its warmth from above to the bather below.

A very up-to-date flat, with automatically lit built-in bedroom cupboards, and all mains, wireless set, and electric sewing machine; this was of course an exhibition specimen, but a very instructive one indeed: for material realization in the same manner, but on slightly different lines and also on a less comprehensive scale, it is interesting briefly to explore the possibilities of certain successful flats for professional women in Highgate; these (The Lady Workers' Homes, Ltd.) are designed on the "alcove bedroom" principle; the rents of actual flats vary apparently from approximately £60 a year to just under £80, and to qualify for tenancy applicants must invest sums varying from £25 to £100 which bear interest.

The modern professional woman is determined to enjoy her scanty leisure; she has also gained the knowledge to make applied science her servant.

SCREENS

The heralded Victorian revival seemed to materialise more substantially when, a few days ago, I watched a small girl in a very modern nursery, of the ultra chromium-plated type, sitting placidly with a sheet of cut-outs, a pair of blunt-tipped scissors, a pot of paste, and a fourfold screen of the cheaper type, upon which she was pasting the Kings and Queens of England interspersed (rather unsuitably) with cupids and hearts . . . . "Grannie" had suggested it as an aid to quietude and an occupation after influenza.

However, outside the nursery, screens, never unpopular, are distinctly in the fashion, decorated to suit all tastes and, incidentally, all purses. The bare rooms of the modernist fashion welcome the extra intimacy imparted by a large, bland screen of Rodier fabric round the corner that has the Ferranti fire as its centre and includes two Curtis Moffat chairs, a plate glass and tubular-legged table, and the backgammon board.

In the modernist tradition (among many worthy compeers) comes also Claude Flight with his masterly use of line and colour. The increasing use of the two-purposes room—the room that is dining and "withdrawing-room" in one—the large decorative screen finds its place as decoration as well as a draught stop.

Two charming examples of modern screens

Those of us who like bright colour and must have our extras inexpensively buy cheap frames or have them made by the "little carpenter round the corner" (who often is quite excellent), and cover them to taste with bright American cloth or with darker and more sober "Decorene." Both can be sponged down for cleanliness, and both are inexpensive and especially good for night nursery cot screens.

Happily for the lovers of the delicately lovely, the tradition of lacquer continues unbroken; and English modern lacquer can be excellent. Here in the last few years the medium has been used with great success in screen work in what, for want of more explicit terms, one may call the "anecdote style."

Hester Radford, an English artist, has produced some delightful and competent pieces of work, both technically and artistically of a high order; and, in another sphere, the work of the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in English lacquer is of good quality and the result inexpensive.

A Glimpse *of the* Autumn Fashions

Scaioni

Fascinating gauntlet gloves add a chic finish to this lovely ensemble. The short coat is piped with white, matching the white vest. Jenny

This chic hat is carried out in a light-weight felt and trimmed at the left side with ostrich feather tips. Marshall and Snelgrove

Scaioni

A fur-trimmed ensemble for which a light woollen material is used. Note the fashionable three-quarter length sleeves. Worth

Scaioni

A delicate shade of beige crêpe de chine is the medium chosen by Maggy Rouff for this graceful evening gown. A wide scarf, forming a wrap, is worn with the frock

At no time of year does feminine interest centre around the world of fashion as in the weeks of late summer and early autumn, when the first news of our winter wardrobes begins to trickle over from Paris.

It seems that the Victorian vogue is to remain with us, both as regards hats and frocks.

Furs are to play an important part in our daily life; short coats, necklets, and even little fur shoulder capes will be much worn. The long coats, of course, will have their full share of popularity; for the most part they will be finished at the waist with a slender fur belt, and will fit closely to the hips.

Fine wool frocks and two-piece suits are popular. Many of the latter are fur-trimmed, as in the example by Worth illustrated on this page.

Sleeves are amazing in their variety. In some designs puffed sleeves appear, in others flares are worn at the side, and even the old-fashioned "leg-of-mutton" is not a complete stranger. In short, sleeves are to be as bulky and varied as our waists are to be neat and trim.

M. D.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The Beauties of COPENHAGEN

JIGSPO.

My friend the waiter, when he brought me my lunch—eggs in bouillon, lamb and asparagus, delicious rice-meringue: 4 kr. 50—advised me to take my walk abroad along the Langelinie, the favourite Sunday promenade down by the sea.

I took the tram down the Bredgade to Gronnigen. I walked across the bridge which leads over the moat, and passing through the South Gate I found myself in the Citadel of Frederikshavn.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE: The Tower of the new church in Bisbjerg

It fascinates me, this old-world bit of Copenhagen.

The Citadel was quiet and peaceful as ever, but outside the Sunday crowd buzzed and hummed. In Copenhagen the girls greatly exceed the men in numbers. The fact does not seem to damp their ardour. They go about in pairs, chatting and laughing softly. One never hears the shrill scream of the man-hunter, as one does in every crowded street in London. The Danish girl is too dainty and provocative to need to stoop to such doubtful means of attraction!

I saw two very pretty girls arrayed in their gladdest rags run up a gangway on to a big trading steamer in the free port. A sailor apparently (I was on the high concrete rampart of Langelinie and they were down below me on the quay) told them to come off, but they disregarded him and stood and postured prettily and naturally, while a third minx down on the quay, with the August sun shining straight into her eyes, tried to photograph them.

I whipped out my camera to snap the group, but they all three suddenly ran away, and a sour-faced woman at my side who had been regarding their frolics with acidity smiled a sour smile of triumph as she saw me foiled.

I retraced my steps. The concrete was trying on a hot day. As I passed the pavilion of the yachting club I noticed the terrace was thronged with a gay crowd consuming coffee and cream cakes.

The upper part of the pavilion provides the Assembly Rooms of the Royal Yacht Club.

A few beautifully-dressed women sat at the tables within, sipping tea and signalling to their friends, but it was mainly an uninteresting crowd passing to and fro or seated at tea on the terrace.

The bells of the English church were ringing out an old hymn tune. I had not been inside an English church for over a year. I hastily paid my bill and turned my sore feet towards the spire I saw pointing to the heavens across the moat through the surrounding trees.

A small crowd had collected outside. I first thought they were behaving as the bashful village yokel behaves, hanging about the gate till the rest of the congregation are all well in and the bells stop ringing. As I drew nearer I found they were Danes waiting to see the English congregation arrive.

A verger informed me that the service was at four and that all seats were free.

There was a very scanty congregation. No one attempted to rise as the choir proceeded up the aisle.

The clergyman seemed to me to be struggling against a fit of hopeless depression. I wished I had not chanced to hear the bells. The people in the church looked shabby, rusty, and sad. They did not seem to me like English people at all; and when the gloomy service was over and I found another small crowd assembled to watch the congregation emerge, I felt a strong desire to turn to the Danes to say to them: "These are not typical British citizens at all!"

I walked up Bredgade. I tried to get into the Russian church. In vain. People are not encouraged to attend church in Copenhagen.

THE CITY OF EMBLEMS: A hairdresser's, a vintner's, and a hatter's sign in the Danish capital

I was amused at a picture postcard I saw in a shop window — the Royal Family in Greenland rubbing themselves with balsam oil to keep off the deadly mosquito. The Queen was displaying great energy!

M. Bartlett

The Charm of CORSICA

Corsica, called the "Isle of Beauty," is gradually coming to the front as a tourist centre, due to the energy and enterprise of the P.L.M. Railway and the Steam ship Company, "Fraissinet." Formerly a journey to this enchanted Island entailed an uncomfortable sea voyage, poor accommodation in hotels, and difficult and expensive travelling in the interior. Nowadays this is all altered; one travels from Marseilles or Nice to Calvi or Ajaccio in about 6 to 8 hours in a most comfortable yacht like a steamer, the latest vessel of the Fraissinet Fleet being called the "Ile de Beauté." She is somewhat unique, having been built in Germany at Bremerhaven, with English Parsons Turbines and French boilers.

She is a good sea boat, luxuriously fitted up like a yacht, excellent cuisine, and the principal cabins have a hot and cold fresh water shower bath. In fact, she is eminently suited for a pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean. The second class accommodation is also very good.

There is good hotel accommodation at reasonable prices at Zonza (Hôtel du Mouflon d'Or), in the centre of the wooded southern part of the Island. Piana (Hôtel des Roches Rouges), Calvi (Calvi Palace Hotel), Bastia (Imperial Palace Hotel), Ile Rousse (Hôtel Napoleon Bonaparte).

THE FORTS OF YESTERYEAR: The quays and ramparts of Calvi-Corsica

It is not generally known that Corsica was united to Great Britain from 1794 to 1796 and was governed by Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto. It was retaken by Napoleon in 1796. The principal towns of interest are:

Calvi, a picturesque fortress which was practically impregnable. Lord Nelson lost his eye during the siege in 1794. In the ancient street del Filo, in front of one old house in ruins, a great marble plaque is set in the wall bearing the following inscription:—

"Here was born in 1441 Christopher Columbus, immortalized by his discovery of the New World at the time when Calvi was under Genoese domination. Died at Valladolid 20 May 1506."

Ajaccio, the capital of the Island, made so by Napoleon in place of the ancient capital of Corte, lies in a beautiful bay on the West Coast and is the seat of government. Its claim to fame is that Napoleon was born here in 1769. The house is left much as it was in the Emperor's day with old furniture of Italian and British design, and is well worth a visit. Bonifaccio is a wonderful old town and fortress perched on a precipitous rock with a very snug deep-water harbour behind the town. Corte, the old capital, is nearly in the centre of the Island, and it offers to the tourist a variety of excursions without parallel. The largest town is Bastia which might be called the commercial hub of the Island, but has little to recommend it to the tourist except as a starting point for excellent motor tours.

Probably the unique charm of Corsica is its wonderful diversity of sea, mountain, and wooded scenery. The road near the coast offers some of the finest sea views in the world. The forests are composed of European oak, beech, Spanish chestnut, pine, ilex and cork trees in great profusion, with here and there large areas of the famous maquis which is composed of various flowering shrubs which form a matted growth which is almost impossible to penetrate. Many of these plants are highly scented and the scent can often be detected out at sea, hence the name which has been given to Corsica of "The Scented Isle."

Other scenery consists of rugged cliffs and blood-red and green granite rocks, which with the snow-topped mountains and blue and green seas make such a riot of colour that is probably unsurpassed in the world.

The motor excursions of the P.L.M. Railway have perhaps done more than anything to enable the traveller of to-day to see this lovely country. The roads are good for a mountainous country, the P.L.M. motor cars are luxurious and comfortable, and the drivers are the finest experts at their trade that I have ever met.

For a prolonged stay probably the spot to choose is the Hôtel Napoleon-Bonaparte at Ile Rousse not far from Calvi. It is a first-class up-to-date hotel in all respects, and reasonable in its prices. You can bathe from the hotel on a clear sandy beach. A new 18-hole golf course has been laid out in excellent surroundings and scenery; there is good trout fishing in the neighbourhood, and an enjoyable holiday could be spent there.

In fact, if you want a holiday replete with all the romance of primitivity of scenery and surroundings, and yet luxurious and comfortable in accommodation and transport; a vacation splendid with historical association and glorious with superb effects of mountain, sun, fishercraft and sea, then Corsica is the place for you.

A Traveller

A MEDIÆVAL CITADEL: A portion of the fortifications of Calvi

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

THE SPHERE *of* TRAVEL

People Actually on Holiday

"SEA HIKING": The old sport of paddling has achieved a new dignity since the spread of pedestrianism. This scene comes from Perranporth in Cornwall

ON THE LIDO: Mme Lucien Lelong, in a novel sun hat, with Prince Carlo Maurizio Ruspoli at the world-famous Adriatic resort

H.R.H. PLAYS GOLF: The Prince, with his caddie, Yvonne Robin. This picture was taken at Chiberta, near Biarritz, where the Prince is taking a holiday

THRILLS OF THE ULSTER T.T.: The Infantas Beatriz and Maria Cristina with other members of the Spanish Royal Family and Lord Castlereagh and his fiancée, Miss Romain Coombe, watch the great road race near Belfast

IDOLATORS OF THE SUN: A typical scene at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes, where, unlike Britain, summer has "done its stuff"

AN AMERICAN KING: Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the great newspaper magnate, on the sands of the Lido, where he took many snapshots of Life in the Bare

TEA AND CROQUET PARTIES HELD ON LONDON'S ROOF-GARDENS

Big schemes are on foot, and will take definite shape next year, further to transform the residential districts of the West End of London. In addition to the amenities provided by large blocks of new flats, a growing desire has been shown for the enjoyment of the latest innovation—the roof garden.

Mr. Martin-Harvey, who developed Berkeley Court, Baker Street, is a pioneer in this idea. He has proved how, in the midst of the roar of London's traffic, a noiseless and restful retreat, perched on the top of nine storeys, has been made possible. This garden in the skies has an area of an acre and a quarter. The art of the gardener has made it the daintiest oasis in all London, with grass lawns like velvet, groups of the choicest flowers, artistically fashioned parterres, and attractive arbours.

Since the summer began, tea and croquet parties have been popular there, amidst surroundings which even the heart of the country could not excel. Visitors claim that the view from the garden is the most wonderful in London. On the southern side can be seen the Crystal Palace silhouetted on Sydenham Hill, some ten miles away. In the foreground, and not far from the banks of the Thames, seeming almost clustered together are Buckingham Palace, Westminster Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and other historical and architectural masterpieces in stone, making a striking panorama.

In the opposite direction, the eye gazes on a very different — though not less pleasing — spectacle, the Northern Heights, standing in the midst of a broad expanse of the finest woodland scenery.

SUNSHINE TO ORDER

Visitors to Torquay want plenty of sunshine. Everybody engaged in catering for visitors realizes that fact, and at the Palace Hotel elaborate precautions have been taken to see that they get it.

A magnificent new sun lounge has been constructed adjoining the ball-room and overlooking the beautiful hotel grounds. The fact that Vita glass has been installed ensures that the guests at the Palace Hotel will have the best advantage of all the sunshine that the clerk of the weather is wont to provide.

The sun lounge is luxuriously furnished for the convenience of those who wish to get bronzed. The sun lounge is 120 ft. in length and is nearly 20 ft. wide. The glass roof is 18½ ft. in height where it adjoins the main building, sloping downward to give a delightful dome effect.

It will be seen, therefore, that when Torquay is blessed with sunshine the visitors at the Palace Hotel will be able to enjoy it in the best possible way with every comfort that mortal man could wish for. But what of the dull days, the days when rain has "set in" and the sun absolutely refuses to shine?

A range of lamps and radiators, which impart only the beneficial rays of the sun, has been installed. On one side of the wall at the angle formed between the wall and the ceiling, a line of lamps has been fitted in such a way as to cast these rays downward. Lower on the same wall are cone-shaped lamps suspended by brackets. On the opposite wall a number of radiators have been let into the wall. In the centre of the lounge are a number of cylindrical radiators, and here and there are seats fitted with radiators underneath. Every one of these "Tricity" radiators and lamps is giving out rays equivalent to those of the sun.

When all this power is used a great amount of heat is obtainable, sufficient, in fact, to introduce warm sunshine on a cold winter's day. When the climate is more equable the power can be regulated so that the maximum comfort may be obtained.

NOTES and NEWS

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE OF DISTINCTION: Miss Joyce Orford-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orford-Smith of Sloane Square, is to marry Captain Thomas Wilfred Berry, M.C., in October

A NOTABLE SUNSHINE CRUISE

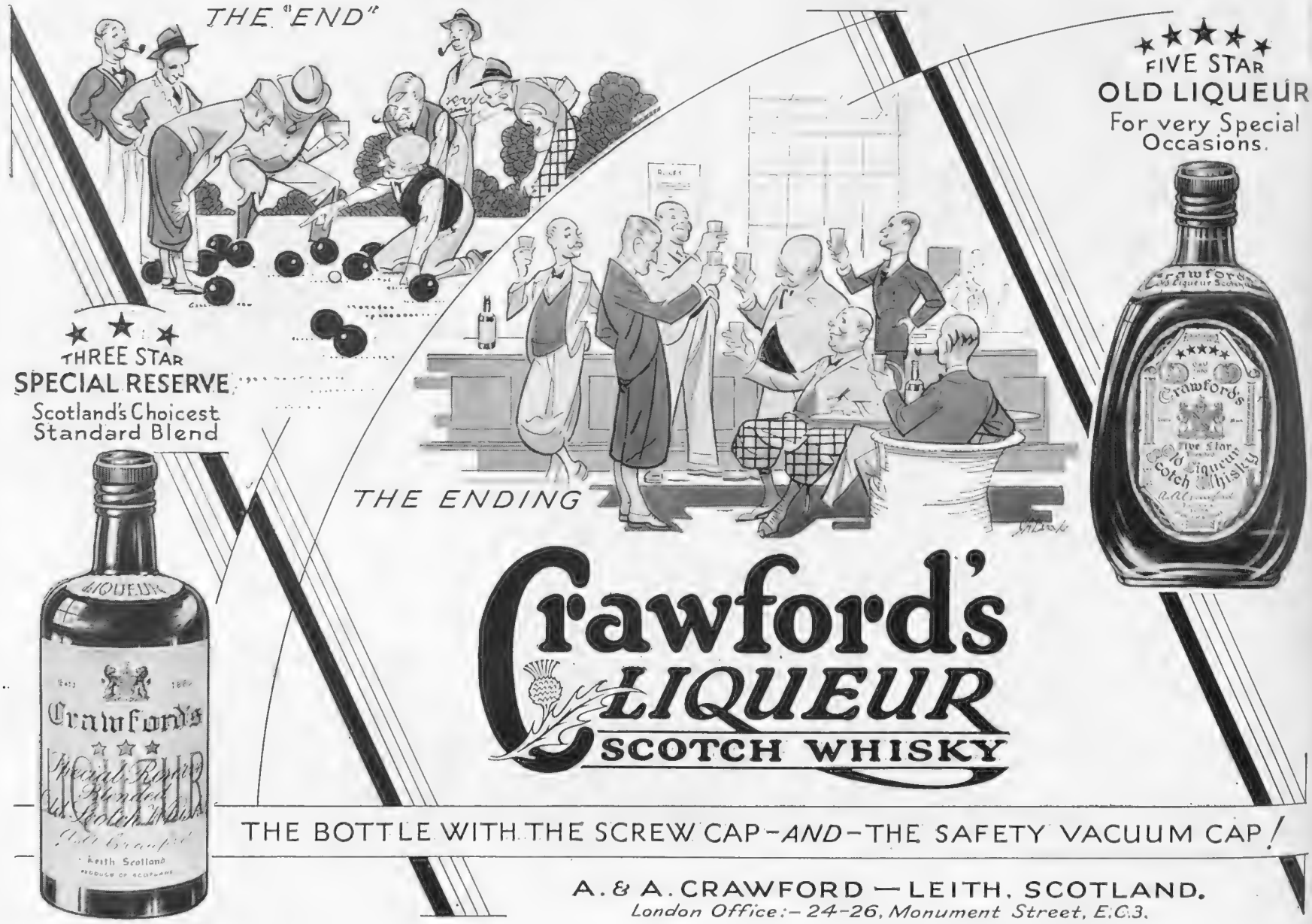
A tour of 20,000 miles on a superb motor liner, *Reina del Pacifico*, starts on January 19, 1932, from Liverpool and finishes at the same port on April 2. The itinerary runs: Liverpool, Plymouth, La Rochelle, Santander, Coruña, Vigo, Las Palmas—thence across the South Atlantic to Bahia, Rio, Montevideo, B.A.; Port Stanley (Falkland Islands), round the Horn, Magallanes, Valparaiso, Juan Fernandez, Antofagasta, Iquique, Callao (for Lima), Balbao (Panama), Cristobel, Kingston, Havana, St. Michael's (Azores), and back to Vigo, Coruña, Santander, La Rochelle, Plymouth, and Liverpool.

The tour, organized by the Pacific Line, includes many of the most fascinating places in Latin America, notable among which are B.A.—the Paris of the West—and Rio. Apart, however, from mere cosmopolitanism, there are the Falklands and Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's island), Lima—founded by Pizarro—with its superb zoo and the glass vault of its founder, the Panama Canal, and the West Indies.

The tour costs £185 1st class and £122 2nd class. All information may be got from R.M.S.P. offices in London, the great passenger agents, or the Pacific Line, Goree, Water Street, Liverpool.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society has received a letter from Mr. W. J Black, Director of the Departments of Colonization and Agriculture of the Canadian National Railways, regarding three of their old boys who are on farms in Canada. Mr. Black states that he is informed that it would be difficult out of the many hundreds of boys they have been able to settle satisfactorily in Canada to pick out a group of three individuals who have made better use of the opportunities offered them. Mr. Black further states that a farmer in discussing these three lads, two of whom he knew well personally, ascribed their success in Canada to the good training they had received in England. Funds are most urgently needed to assist in this great work. Please send your gifts to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2

ENTER WOGGLES

MEET WOGGLES

THE NEW "SKETCH" DOG

HERE HE IS!

"PERSEVERANCE."

A SPORTING CECIL ALDIN TERRIER

Each page-picture is a delight: the fact that Cecil Aldin is the artist guarantees that. Each is beautifully reproduced in colours.

ONCE SEE WOGGLES AND YOU WILL NEVER FORGET HIM!

WOGGLES is appearing each week in

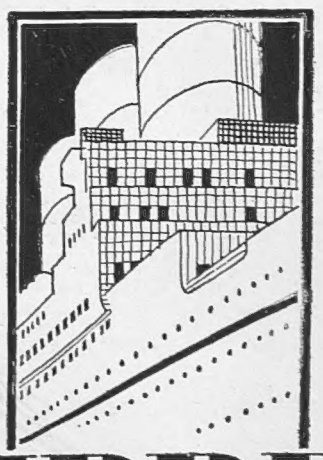
The Sketch

Every Wednesday: ONE SHILLING. Publishing Office: 346, Strand, W.C.2.

WORLD CRUISE

A glamorous itinerary for an idyllic Cruise—following Spring around the world! Christmas comes in the Holy Land, the New Year dawns in Egypt, the cool fresh winds of Spring fan tropic India, Japan is a riot of fairy blossoms. Leisurely you wander round the globe, visiting strange new lands, each at the best time of year, while your home is the great white giantess liner, "Empress of Britain," the last word in luxury and elegance.

Cruise duration 4 to 5 months. From Southampton, November 21. From Monaco, December 16. First Class throughout. Fare from 417 guineas.



Write or call for Illustrated Booklet, Address: A. L. Powell, Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W. 1

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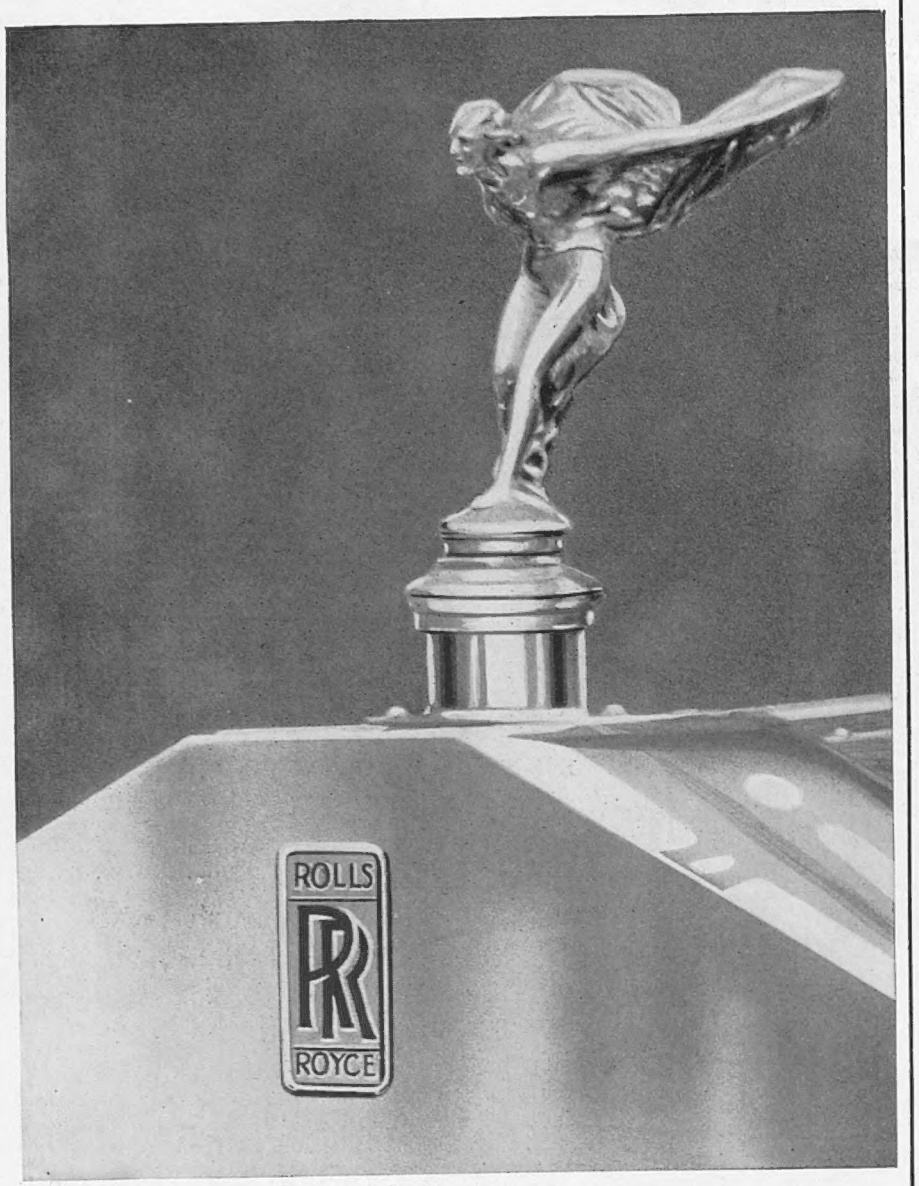
Always carry Canadian Pacific Travellers' Cheques—safe and convenient.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



Reputation

More slowly built than a city, more quickly lost than a wrecked ship, a reputation is valuable beyond price.

¶ To retain her hardly-won favours, reputation demands unremitting court. So men guard jealously the good name of Castrol. They pledge all things, these Britons, on the temper of their handiwork. That is your safeguard: you may trust

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

recommended by ROLLS-ROYCE Ltd.

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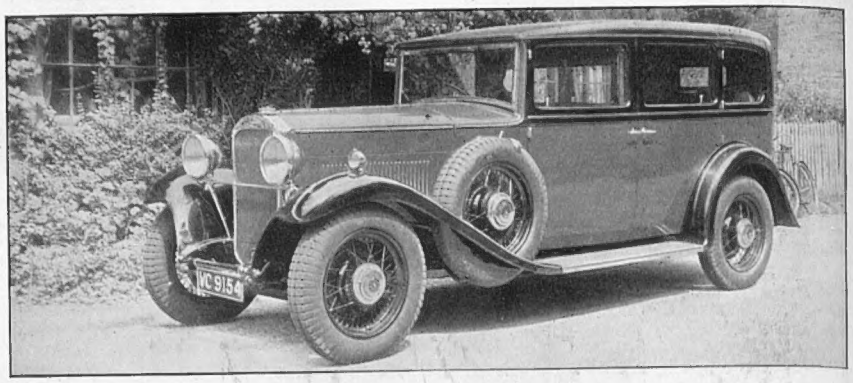


HUMBER A 1932 landaulette with the higher radiator and waistline—the distinctive and distinguished improvements to the bodywork of the forthcoming vintage of Pullman models

The PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

THE BURNEY CAR.—There is a tendency in the Press to look upon the Burney Streamlined car as a complete novelty, and I am afraid that this suggestion is likely to impede its progress, because it is a well-known fact that the average Britisher dislikes novelty and prefers to carry on with anything which is old established. The two most important features of the Burney car are the placing of the engine at the rear and the streamlining of the coachwork. Neither of these points is new in itself, or when used together in the same chassis.

There must be many motorists who remember the A.V. Monocar which made its appearance shortly after the War. This sporting little vehicle had its engine well behind the rear axle, and then again, a few years ago the Trojan car with the engine behind the back seats was introduced.

In Germany the Rumpler car was made and sold many years ago, and its design incorporated, so far as I can remember, a streamline body and an engine at the rear. I do not think this German vehicle is now made, but that does not prove in any way that the design was wrong, for we know quite well from experience that many a good car goes under, not because it is a bad motor vehicle, but from financial causes.

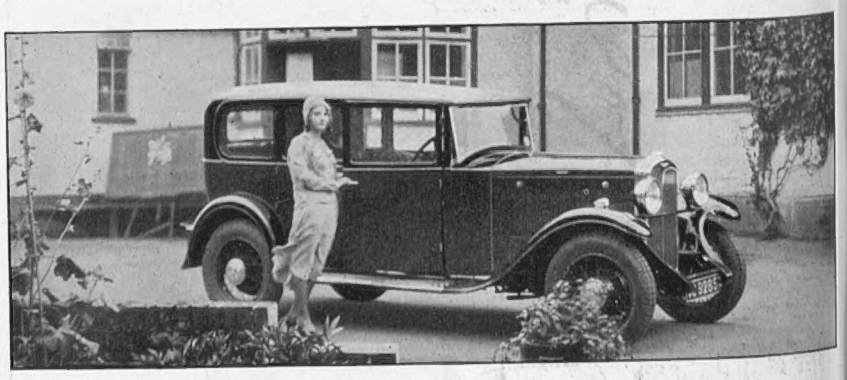
Reverting to the Burney car, I cannot help but think that its greatest success will be achieved when the engine fitted is far smaller than that now employed. After all, one of the greatest attractions in placing the engine behind all the occupants of the car is to minimize the noise. Where a large, well-designed, and properly built 6-cylinder engine is used, it is not likely to offend the ears of the driver or passengers when placed in the more orthodox position in front. No one, for instance, would suggest that the engine of a Rolls-Royce is unpleasant to the people sitting behind it. On the other hand, there are many cars to-day with fussy, small, 4-cylinder engines that definitely irritate the people who travel in them, and if such an engine were placed behind the back axle this irritation would cease.

By adopting the Burney streamline form these small engines would be able to give a better performance, and as the construction of a car built to the Burney design should be cheaper, other things being equal, than that built on more usual lines, we should be able to have cheaper small cars. I should very much like to see a Burney car with quite a tiny engine fitted to it. I feel certain it would be an instant success, and I hope that one day this suggestion will take practical form.

A WELCOME SIGN.—I yield first place to no one in my abhorrence of disfiguring advertisements. Great improvements have been affected in the placing of advertisements in the countryside, and I think that most manufacturers now realize that any announcement put in the wrong place does more harm than good. I do, however, like to see bright advertisements in positions which do not add to the disfigurement of their surroundings, and one of these is the very conspicuous K.L.G. illuminated sign in Putney Vale. I do not know why, but when this sign meets my eye at nighttime it cheers me up and sends me on my way rejoicing.

The appeal of this advertisement is now however much greater, because during a conversation the other day with Mr. K. Lee Guinness, whose initials designate this particular make of sparking plug, he told me that the sign is now illuminated on the most scientific principles. At first I did not understand what was meant, but he then went on to explain that, without the knowledge of the passing motorist, his particular car lights up this advertisement, and if no cars are passing the advertisement remains in darkness.

SCIENTIFIC ADVERTISEMENT.—What happens is this. The beams from the head lamps strike a selenium cell which is placed in a special container on the wall, and by means of amplifiers and relays the action of the beam on the selenium cell operates the switch which illuminates the sign. In short, the process is very similar to that employed in the latest burglar alarms. I can quite imagine that it saves a considerable amount of money per annum by a reduction in the consumption of electricity. At any rate I must congratulate the manufacturers of this well-known plug in adopting such up-to-date methods, and I hope that what I have said will make the sign more attractive to passing motorists. Probably they will do what I have done, namely, stop and put out their head-lights to see if the sign goes into darkness.



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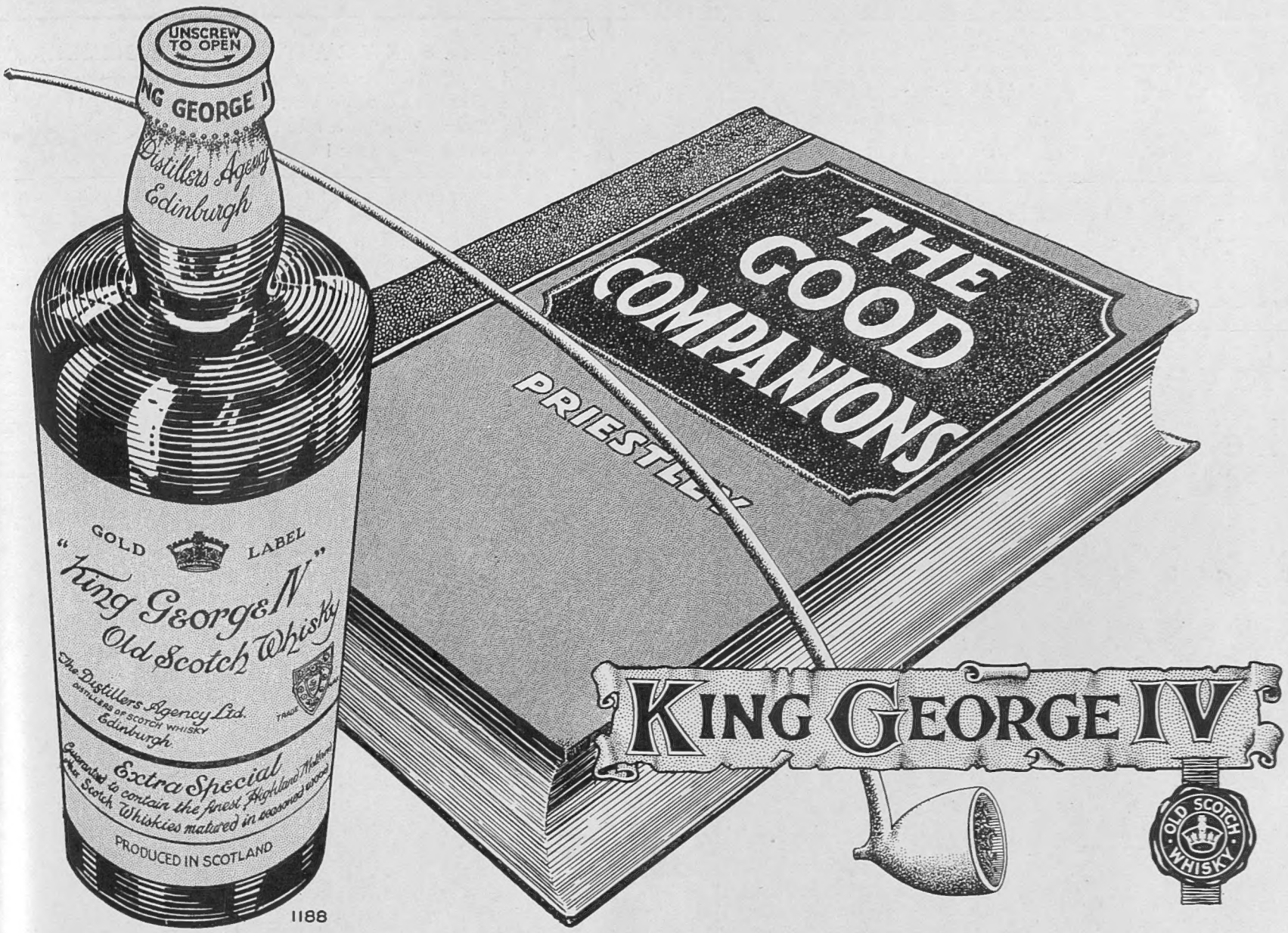

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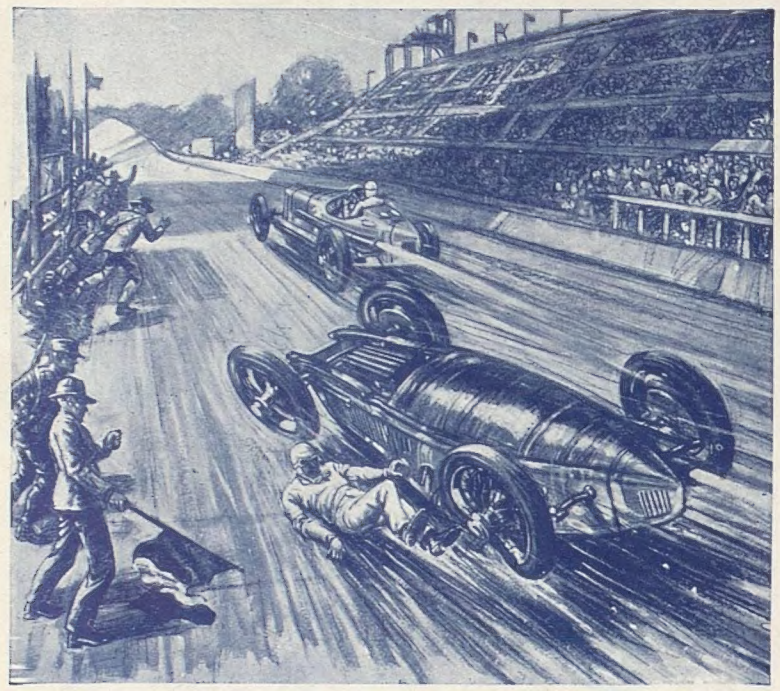

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